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Daily Mirror

DAILY MIRROR DAY
AT THE
Crystal Palace
SATURDAY,
Sept. 24, '04.

ADMIT ONE

Tear out this Coupon and present it at any of the Palace Turnstiles.

No. 279.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1904.

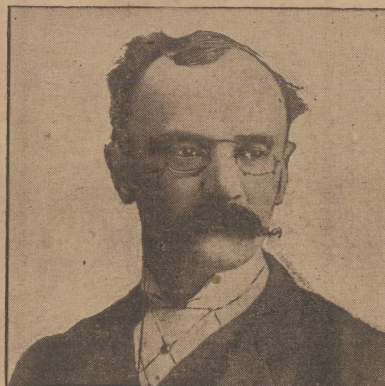
One Halfpenny.

LADY CURZON DANGEROUSLY ILL.



A deep feeling of sympathy has been aroused throughout the country for the charming wife of the Viceroy of India. She is suffering from acute peritonitis. Sir Thomas Earlow, the King's physician, was hastily summoned from Paris to Walmer Castle, where Lady Curzon is lying in a critical condition.

"KEIRO."



The palmist, who was brought up at the Clerkenwell Sessions yesterday. He was charged, under the Witchcraft Act of 1736, with pretending to tell fortunes by palmistry.



A MINIATURE MAN.



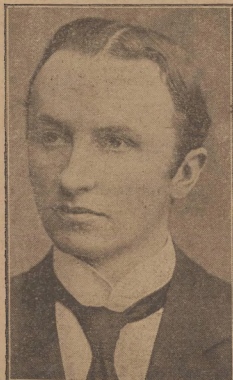
This curious little being is believed to belong to a race which existed in pre-historic times. He will appear in London shortly.

LADY VIVIAN.



The charming wife of Lord Vivian, with her pretty little child.—(Photograph by Weston and Sons.)

LORD CURZON.



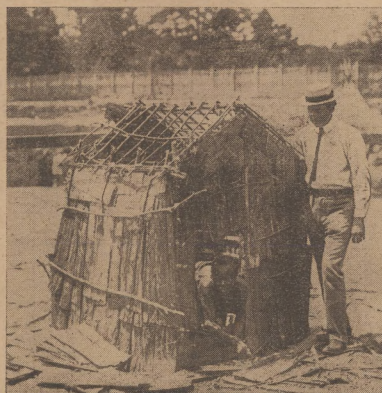
Lady Curzon's husband. He is almost overcome by grief at the terrible blow which has so suddenly befallen him.

BABY POLARS AT THE ZOO.



One of the two baby Polar bears which have just arrived at Zoological Gardens. They are the pets of the ladies and children, and are as playful as kittens.

PIGMIES AT ST. LOUIS.



One of the queer pigmies looking out of the doorway of his home at the St. Louis Exhibition.

COL. YOUNGHUSBAND.



The leader of the British expedition to Tibet, now on his way back from Lhasa.—(Maul and Fox.)

DESPERATE DASH.

Port Arthur Fleet to Make a Sortie.

PRUDENT KUROPATKIN:

Will Not Fight Till He Is Stronger.

Matters at Port Arthur are approaching a crisis. Three forts have been captured by the Japanese since Monday, and the Russians have lost heavily in both officers and men. The Russian squadron has been ordered to force the blockade, and news may arrive at any moment that the crippled fleet has started on this desperate enterprise.

General Kuropatkin evidently fears the Japanese flanking movements, and declares that he will not fight unless he is in an advantageous position. Up to now only slight skirmishes have taken place, but it is fully expected that the big battalions will shortly be engaged.

BATTLE HORRORS.

How the Russians Lost 1,100 Men in Seven Minutes.

Writing of the battle of Wangfangkau, a Russian officer says:—

We lost 1,100 men in seven minutes, and four times fought at the point of the bayonet.

"Not a shot had yet been fired from our side. Our men were fingering their guns nervously, and I could see fright written on half their faces, for many had never been in action before.

"I confess I felt queer, and failed in my attempt to smile when a soldier near me said, 'Eh, your honour, why doesn't this carry twenty cartridges,' patting his rifle affectionately.

FOUGHT LIKE INCARNATE FIENDS.

"At 500 paces we opened fire. The whole Japanese column staggered and seemed to lie down like a pack of cards. The battalions behind passed over them. In the excitement our men began to aim badly. 'Fire lower!' rang out. But the men were getting nervous, and began to shoot yards too high.

"The machine-guns were well served, but in spite of their mown-down hundreds, the Japs rushed the trench and passed over the way.

"One of our men turned pale, and lay down in the bottom of the trench, covering his face with his hands. The man next him spat contemptuously and kicked him. Both were dead a minute later. 'The Japs fought like incarnate fiends.'

BLOCKADE TO BE FORCED.

Admiral Anclane, Minister of Marine, has sent orders to the Port Arthur squadron to endeavour to force the blockade.

Prince Radziwili and Lieutenant Christofaroff, whose terrible account of the horrors perpetrated at Port Arthur was published recently, have left Chifu with dispatches for General Kuropatkin.

They have with them carrier pigeons from the fortress, which will be released after the officers arrive at Mukden.

TURNING THE RUSSIAN FLANK.

ST. PETERSBURG, Friday.—A telegram from Mukden says that the Japanese are beginning to outflank the Russian left.

General Kuropatkin reports that the Japanese advance guards are being considerably strengthened, and it is evidently the enemy's intention to attack the Russian outposts shortly, but General Kuropatkin will not attack unless he thinks he holds an advantageous position.

TROOPS IN DRESSING-GOWNS.

The cold weather has found the authorities unprepared with the supply of warm clothes, and officers and men are wearing Chinese padded dressing-gowns and Chinese footgear.

Part of the population of Mukden, principally women and children, are being expelled from the town.—Reuter.

RUSSIAN TROOPS IN REVOLT.

ST. PETERSBURG, Friday.—It is related that two individuals were recently discovered concealed in the engine room of a steamer lying in the Maritime Canal here, and that a large number of revolutionary proclamations were found upon them. The disturbances at Odessa were of an anti-military character, having been fomented by reservists who are alleged to have refused to go to the Far East.

A detachment of troops which was sent to suppress the disturbances is said to have refused to obey orders.—Reuter.

DON'T RUSH, DON'T CRUSH, DON'T LOITER.

The administrators of the Crystal Palace, upon whom the entire management of to-day's fête necessarily devolves, desire us to request our readers to give them their co-operation in the task of administering to the well-being and the comfort of those attending the Palace to-day.

Under the able direction of Mr. J. H. Cozens, the manager of the Crystal Palace, every precaution has been taken for the safety and protection of the vast audience likely to attend the "Daily Mirror" Gala to-day, and we are sure our readers will afford the Palace authorities every assistance by observing the regulations laid down by the officials and the police.

Important "Don'ts" to be observed on this occasion will be found on page 5.

RUSSIA'S AMAZONS.

Order of the Garter for Militant Maidens.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

MOSCOW, Tuesday.—The Siberian newspapers declare that the town of Nikolai-Ussurisk, which daily expects a Japanese raid, boasts a corps of fifty-three well-armed and well-drilled ladies who are prepared to take their places in the fighting-line.

The commander of these Amazons is Mme. Nadesha Trestchhoff, wife of a high railway official. The fair warriors live their ordinary domestic lives, but three times a week don Cossack uniform and practise riding, firing from the saddle, and charging at dummy Japanese.

On a false alarm being given during the night of August 3, all but three turned out, fully equipped and in the saddle within half an hour. Many of the Amazons are unmarried girls, and among them is a lady named Lieskoff, who is reputed to be the best horsewoman in Siberia. The corps has a secretariat of its own, a female doctor, and a Japanese interpreter.

General Kollubakin, the commandant of the town, on his first inspection of the corps declared that the members must wear some distinguishing badge. At the next review all turned up wearing garters upon the left arm. The ladies have cut their hair close, and all who were unmarried when the force was raised have undertaken to remain spinsters until the present troubles are past.

QUEER WEE MAN.

Believed to Belong to a Former Race of Lilliputians.

The queerest little creature in the world has just visited London. He left a well-known hotel last night for the Continent.

His appearances in London were not numerous. One or two drives discouraged him. Crowds pressed round his carriage, and an attempt to take a walk in the Strand resulted in a hurried retreat into his hotel.

The name of this miniature man is Smaun Sing Hippo. He was discovered by a German captain eleven years ago in a peasant's family in Lower Burma.

Now he is twenty-two years of age, under three feet in height, weighs nine kilograms, has a foot four and a half inches long, and a thumb which only measures one inch.

He is no dwarf, but a miniature man, who smokes, drinks, and flirts with great ardour. His clothes are all miniature.

He sports a dainty little frock coat, a miniature top hat, and a smart red waistcoat. His curious little fingers sparkle with jewellery.

He speaks four languages, and his little voice has the sweetness of a flute.

He claims to be the King's smallest and most curious subject.

Common people call him the Fairy Prince, but the learned hold that he is a reversion to a race of small people who once lived on this earth.

ELOPING PRINCESS AND HER SISTER.

PARIS, Friday.—The newspapers announce that Princess Stephanie, Countess Lonyay, arrived in Paris yesterday and had an interview lasting three hours with her sister, Princess Louise of Coburg, at the Hotel Bristol.

Countess Lonyay, it is stated, showed the greatest pleasure at seeing her sister at liberty and in such excellent health, both physically and intellectually. In leaving her she assured her of her lasting devotion and fidelity.—Reuter.

An Exchange telegram says Princess Louise is writing her memoirs. It is stated that she has determined never to become reconciled to her husband, and to use all legal means at her disposal with that object.

IRISH "A DYING RACE."

CHICAGO, Friday.—Mr. John Redmond, addressing a crowded audience here, said: "Our race is dying. There are more old men and children and fewer young men and women in Ireland than in any other country. The death of the race can only be warded off by acting in the living present."—Reuter.

REARING A PRINCE.

£25 a Month for His Foster-Mother.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

ROME, Friday.—Little Prince Humbert, the infant heir to the throne of Italy, is to be brought up by an Englishwoman.

The lady to whose charge he has been confided is Miss Dickens, whose kindness and firmness with the other children of King Victor has given great satisfaction. Dr. Querico has, after infinite trouble, chosen a foster-mother for the little prince. She is the very healthy, twenty-four-year-old wife of a forester living near Racconigi, a splendid specimen of the pure Latin race. She has given a written promise that she will have no intercourse with her family during two years, and has entered the castle to live.

The rate of pay has been fixed at £25 a month during the two years, with a pension of £1 a week for life when her task ceases. She is, of course, surrounded with every luxury, and special servants have been told off to wait upon her. She has been placed under the immediate superintendence of Miss Dickens.

The little Prince welcomed his foster-mother lustily. He is not a "fine" baby in the sense of being a big one, but he makes up for this by being exceptionally well-built and healthy. As soon as he saw his foster-mother he clutched her hand, and the superstitious woman exclaimed that it showed that he would succeed in everything in later life.

DISAPPOINTED HIS SISTER.

The little daughters of the King and Queen of Italy, the Princesses Yolanda and Mafalda, who have just come back to Racconigi, have shown a wonderful interest in their little brother Humbert.

Yolanda looked at him for some time when she first saw him in the Queen's chamber. She had asked numberless questions about him, whether he would speak English or Italian, and whether he would not speak at all like her baby sister.

But when she saw the little Prince he proved a great disappointment. She tried to feel his teeth, and he cried, and she thereupon said that he looked like a monkey, and that on the whole she preferred her sister, who did not cry so much and could play with her.

GIRL HOUSEBREAKER

Offers Restitution by the Post for a Strange Freak.

The house of Mrs. Bird, of Hampden-grove, Birkenhead, was broken into the other day, but the police investigation availed nothing.

A few days later Miss May Farlow, a pretty girl of fifteen, with her mother and sister, were visitors at Mrs. Bird's house, and after their departure a sum of 5s. 6d. was missed from a handbag.

The next day Mrs. Bird received by post the following letter, containing a P.O. for 5s. 6d.: "Here is a postal order for 5s. 6d. I broke into your house on Tuesday evening and stole 5s. 6d. from your bag in the drawing-room. I am the same gentleman who broke into your house before. 'Forgive me this once.—A Rock Ferry Gentleman.'

Mrs. Bird placed this letter in the hands of the police.

To her amazement they arrested her child acquaintance, Miss May Farlow, who yesterday pleaded guilty at Birkenhead Police Court to having stolen the 5s. 6d.

The magistrates thought she did it in a spirit of mischiefness, and bound her over.

CROWN PRINCE'S ODD SOUVENIRS.

VIENNA, Friday.—During the German manoeuvres last week three young ladies spectators from Wismar found themselves near the Crown Prince. Expressing to an officer their desire to congratulate him on his betrothal, the Prince smilingly acquiesced, and going to them received their congratulations. They then begged him to give them a souvenir of the occasion, but as he had only cigarettes to offer them, he laughingly handed one to each of the damsels, which was accepted with warmly-expressed thanks.

Lord Methuen yesterday unveiled a memorial tablet at Kendrick Boys' School, Reading, to the memory of old boys of the school who fell in the late war.

PRIMATE'S ESCAPE.

Dr. Davidson in a Railway Collision.

HIS GRACE'S PARTY SAFE.

An extremely alarming accident occurred to the special train in which the Archbishop of Canterbury was travelling yesterday from Bar Harbour to Washington to visit President Roosevelt.

Near East Brookfield, Massachusetts, Reuter states, the train, while running at sixty miles an hour, crashed into a locomotive which had been detached from a local train, and in some unaccountable manner had been passed on to the main line. The locomotive was completely wrecked by the express and carried a hundred yards before it fell to one side on the eastward lines.

Fortunately the car in which the Archbishop and Mrs. Davidson were travelling, in company with Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, did not leave the line, though the permanent way was torn up for some distance. Dr. Davidson only received a severe shaking, and with the exception of several railway employees, who were slightly cut and bruised, all the passengers escaped unhurt. The Rev. J. Ellison, the vicar of Windsor, and the Rev. H. Holden were with the Archbishop's party.

After the permanent way at the scene of the collision had been temporarily repaired, the train was carefully pulled over the damaged portion. The train was due at Washington in the afternoon, but owing to the delay it was found impossible to arrive there before late at night.

Great interest attaches to Dr. Davidson's visit, the occasion being the first time that an Archbishop of Canterbury has been received by the President of the United States at the White House. Mr. Roosevelt has just returned from his summer holiday at Oyster Bay in order to meet Dr. Davidson.

During his visit to Washington the Archbishop will be the guest of Bishop Satterlee.

BACK FROM LHASA.

Tibetans Sorry To See Our Troops Depart.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

LHASA, Friday.—To-day Colonel Younghusband's expedition left Lhasa.

Slowly the camp was broken up and the little band of men, with baggage playing, filed away along the Chagpas road on the way to civilisation, after six weeks' sojourn in the mysterious City.

A cry of despair went up as the expedition started from the army of native traders, who have made a good thing out of both European and Indian soldiers. Beggars bemoaned the loss of their generous patrons, and some even followed the expedition for a good distance until they were left limping in the snow.

Only the better classes and the officials looked pleased. With the lower classes the British troops have been great friends. The expedition passed slowly along over the embankment road past what is called the Wild Ass Meadow on to the road running between the vast hills which form respectively the Medical School and the glorious Potala Palace Monastery.

At the Chagpa Ridge the men turned round and took one last look at the city whose golden domes shone in the sunlight, and then with an easy stride they passed on with the pleased consciousness of a great task accomplished.

INFANT HERO.

Boy of Five Saves His Brother from Fire.

A house at Blackburn occupied by a paper-maker named Neil was gutted by fire yesterday.

Nothing was seen of the inmates until the firemen discovered two children in the yard, the elder of whom, a tiny lad of five, named James, said that awaking and finding his bed ablaze he ran downstairs, but, hearing little Harry, aged two, crying, he returned and carried him out, though not before the baby was severely burnt. The parents were absent.

HIGH SHERIFF'S STRANGE DEATH.

Two deaths occurred in London hotels yesterday. One was supposed to be a suicide.

Captain Pigott Harvey, High Sheriff for Northampton, was found dead on his bed at the Savoy. A vein in the stomach had ruptured and he had been suffocated with blood.

Almost at the same time an American visitor, Mr. George Davis, son of Mr. Davis, of Kansas City, U.S.A., a well-to-do rancher, was found dead in bed at a West End hotel.

He was lying in a pool of blood, and by his side was a razor.

ROYALTY AT A GRAVESIDE.

PRETORIA, Friday.—Princess Christian and her party spent a very quiet day. They visited the grave of the late Prince Christian Victor.—Reuter.

LADY CURZON RALLIES

But Her Condition Still Remains Critical.

WORLD-WIDE SYMPATHY.

We are happy to state that the condition of Lady Curzon, who is suffering from acute peritonitis, showed some improvement yesterday.

Still, the latest bulletin states that she remains in a critical state.

The *Mirror* representative, who called at Walmer Castle yesterday to inquire after Lady Curzon's health, found a more hopeful opinion prevailing than was the case on the previous day.

Sir Thomas Barlow, the King's physician, Dr. Champneys, and Dr. Ching, specialists, from London, and Dr. Wood, the local medical adviser to Lord Curzon's family, are all at the castle, and have had frequent and earnest consultations.

The dining-room is being used as Lady Curzon's sick room. In this apartment, with Lord Curzon constantly by the patient's bedside, a night of the greatest anxiety was passed, owing to the very grave condition of her ladyship.

Busy Local Post Office.

The post office was left open during the night in order that anxious friends might be given the latest information.

Lord and Lady Curzon's three children are at the castle, and the two elder ones have been taken into the sick room to see their mother.

The children were taken for a walk at Walmer by their nurses yesterday.

Except for a short stroll in the grounds of the castle on Monday, her ladyship had not, owing to a previous illness, been outside the castle for nearly three weeks, when she went for the motor ride on Tuesday to which her present illness is attributed.

Lord Curzon has scarcely left the sick room during this critical illness of his wife.

Shoals of telegrams from all parts of the world were received at the castle yesterday, making solicited inquiries as to Lady Curzon's health or expressive of sympathy.

Even with extra assistance the Walmer Post Office has been quite blocked with the castle work.

INDIA'S SORROW.

Sympathy with Lord Curzon in his hour of trial and concern for Lady Curzon's serious illness are most pronounced in India and America.

Ever since the appointment in 1898 of Lord Curzon to be Viceroy of India the eyes of the world have been fixed upon his charming American wife, who had, previous to going to India, won all hearts in London society.

Lady Curzon is universally beloved all over India. Her unfailing tact, kindness, and gentleness in a remarkably short space of time, silenced every hostile criticism that awaited the Viceroy's American consort.

New York, Friday.—A telegram from Denver to the "New York Times" announces that Mrs. Leiter and her son and daughter are hurrying to New York, intending to take the first fast steamer to England on account of Lady Curzon's illness.—Reuter.

ALPINE DEATH-ROLL.

Average of 84 Fatalities Per Annum for Ten Years.

Alpine climbing grows in popularity yearly, despite the attendant risks to life and limb.

A movement is on foot in Switzerland to urge the authorities to introduce regulations to protect incompetent and foolish climbers against themselves.

The following statistics, published by the Swiss Alpine Club, show a great increase in the annual number of victims:—1895, 19 deaths; 1896, 24; 1897, 34; 1898, 37; 1899, 47; 1900, 48; 1901, 63; 1902, 119; 1903, 148.

For the year 1904 the death-roll is much higher than for last year. Some authorities place it at the enormous total of 300, which works out an average of 84 lives lost per year on the Alps during the last ten years.

In view of these figures the need for in some way "policing" the mountains, to warn foolishly climbers of the dangers they run, is admitted by all expert Alpinists.

Fire caused considerable damage to the yacht *Favourite* lying in the Medway at Rochester yesterday.

Are you using Drayton Mill Papers? If not you should write G. W. Dray & Sons, Ltd., Drayton Paper Works, London, S.E.

SILLY BOYS IN CHURCH.

Striking Matches and Teasing Girls.

Six Bristol boys made a shame-faced appearance before the magistrates yesterday, charged with misbehaviour during Sunday evening service at St. George's, Kingswood.

The defendants were laughing and talking together, and generally disturbing the peace of the church.

When the vergor spoke to them one laughed in his face. He warned them that if they could not behave they must leave the church.

The sound of striking matches occurred several times, and when a young woman went to sit down at the end of the Psalms she missed her handkerchief.

During the second lesson one of the defendants put his hand to her hat and took out a hatpin.

Signs were made by the defendants to call the attention of the girls to some notes that had been thrown over the seat. One of the notes read: "Please could you be so kind as to put a word in for Bill Bailey?—Signed by the same."

Another read: "Let all of us sing 'Bill Bailey' as we are going out." The notes were evidently written on pages torn from a hymn-book.

Before the sermon the six boys stalked through the church, making as much noise as possible, and banging the door behind them.

Their silly conduct cost them thirty shillings each at the police court yesterday.

RUSSIA'S DEFIANCE.

Contraband Decision Causes Sensation in the City.

The immediate effect of the decision of the Russian Government to declare all coal, cotton, and iron contraband of war has been to stop the departure of steamers for the Far East.

A leading underwriter said yesterday: "Now things will be even worse than they were before Mr. Balfour's announcement. You may be quite sure that until the situation is definitely cleared rates will be extremely high."

One of the biggest steamship owners trading with the East stated that he believed there was unmistakable evidence of a German-Russian conspiracy against British commerce.

"German houses are securing the whole of the cargo business to Japan."

"Several contracts have been made with Japanese houses, for three and six months, to ship all kinds of goods from ports all over Europe."

"It will be difficult for England to regain this trade when the trouble is over."

"As to Russia's decision, I cannot think it is true, for the consequences would be so serious. Mr. Balfour said practically that we should resist it by force."

The view held by several leading business men is that the Government should make it perfectly clear that British shipping is to be respected.

BAFFLED HIGHWAYMEN.

Fierce Encounter with Two Desperadoes in Essex.

An ironmonger's assistant has had a fierce encounter with highwaymen late at night in a lonely road near Dagenham, in Essex.

It appears that the assistant, whose name is Vyse, was returning in a cart from a round of county visits to his employer's establishment at Romford, when two men suddenly sprang out upon him from the hedgeside. One clung to the horse's head, while the other tried to reach the driver.

Vyse seized the first weapon that came to hand, and struck his assailant a heavy blow, sending him headlong into the road. The other took up the attack, and it was only after a fierce fight that Vyse beat him off.

He drove off as hard as the horse could gallop and got away from his assailants, who followed him with shouts and threats until he was out of call.

It is supposed the robbers had by some means learnt that Vyse was carrying a large sum of money collected from his employer's customers.

VICTIMS OF GENEROSITY.

Charged with being in unlawful possession of two £5 Bank of England notes, three men at the Mansion House yesterday asserted that a stranger at the Salvation Army shelter, Blackfriars-road, had given the notes away to four men.

Two were sentenced to one month's imprisonment, but the third man pleaded not guilty, and was committed for trial.

CURIOUS ANTIQUARIAN FIND.

During the repair of an old house at Bury St. Edmunds the workmen on stripping paper from a bedroom wall found the following quaint inscription, dated 1600:—

"Wysdom, knowledge, and understanding are the soul's most glorious clothing. Give the glory to God only." The letters are Old English, and are quite distinct.

BURGLAR WITH A SWORD.

Constables' Exciting Struggle with a Trapped Desperado.

When caught red-handed in the act of burglary yesterday morning, Edwin Titterington vigorously resisted the Liverpool police with a long sword.

The capture was finally the result of an ingenious police stratagem. Constables Linster and Robinson, examining the grounds of a temporarily unoccupied house, found an empty trunk concealed in a thicket of shrubbery.

They left the trunk where it was, and watched all night in the house. Early in the morning they saw Titterington effect an entrance to the house, carrying the trunk.

He made his way upstairs, and shortly afterwards came down again, with the full trunk in one hand and a drawn sword in the other.

The officers fell upon him at once. In the struggle the batons of both were broken, but Titterington was disabled as a result of a blow on the head.

In his house was found a revolver as well as stolen property, valued at £500, the proceeds of many burglaries.

FIDDLE OF FORTUNE.

Sold Three Times—for 6s., £600, and £1,600.

Miss Watson, of Holme Eden, near Carlisle, must be sincerely sorry she included a disused fiddle among a "lot" of curios which were sold by auction for her a few days ago.

The fiddle was knocked down to a labourer for six shillings.

A few days later the labourer sold his treasure to a dealer in curios for £600; and the dealer in turn sold it for £1,600.

The fiddle is said to be one of the thirteen manufactured by Stradivarius in his Cremona workshop.

When sold at the auction the fiddle was without strings, bridge, and pegs, and laden with dust and cobwebs, but, notwithstanding, in excellent preservation.

HATCHING A MAGIC HEN.

Dupe Hoped That It Would Lay Silver Dollars Daily.

A Chicago man named Gidumsky has discovered that it is impossible to hatch a black hen that would lay silver dollars.

On the advice of three men, whom he is now suing for obtaining money under false pretences, he kept an egg under his arm for nine days, during which period he neither ate food nor washed himself.

For this advice Gidumsky paid £13 13s. in the firm belief that, if he followed directions exactly, he would hatch a black hen which would lay at least one silver dollar a day.

The dollars so laid were to have the magic power of returning to him no matter how or where he spent them.

In addition to carrying the egg under his arm, Gidumsky should, at the moment of hatching, offer the hen a silver dollar.

The hen, he was told, would swallow this and immediately begin to lay an unending series of magic coins.

The black hen was never hatched, and Gidumsky tired of carrying the egg round.

BOOM IN MINIATURES.

The King and Queen have Revived an Old Fashion.

People of all classes are having their miniatures painted in these days, since the King and Queen revived the fashion.

Their Majesties have a fascinating collection of miniatures of all the members of their family, the Royal children, and the household animals.

These are all framed alike, in plain gold frames, and are taken about wherever their Majesties go.

One of the favourite styles of painting is that of Cosway, and many a beauty of to-day is miniaturized in the style of that famous artist.

The most inexpensive and attractive miniatures are those offered by the *Daily Mirror*.

All you have to do is to send a good photograph, with particulars of your colouring and the dress you are wearing, and in a few days you will receive, if you send with your order 2s. 11d., a dainty miniature pendant exquisitely finished in water colours, or for 4d. more a brooch in a pretty silk and velvet case.

A picture of one of the *Daily Mirror* miniatures will be found on page 8.

By the kindness of Queen Alexandra the chapel of Netley Hospital has been fitted throughout with rich felt seating. Her Majesty's consideration is much appreciated by the invalid soldiers.

DISAPPOINTED LOVE.

Supposed Motive of a Terrible Crime.

DRAMA OF REVENGE.

Disappointed love and jealousy were the motives of a fearful crime committed at Manchester yesterday morning.

Soon after eight o'clock loud screams were heard to proceed from a house situated in Lytton-avenue, a middle-class street in the residential quarter of the city. The police were at once informed, and burst into the house without loss of time.

In the dining-room a terrible spectacle met their eyes. On the floor lay two women—one young and the other elderly, and both unconscious, as a result of fearful wounds that had been inflicted upon them. Pools of blood were on the floor, and the furniture and walls were bespattered in a ghastly fashion.

The disorder of the room bore witness to the violence of the struggle that had taken place.

Race for Liberty.

Simultaneously with the entry of the police into the house, a man burst through the front window and made off across some open ground on the other side of the road. He was pursued by two labourers, who had witnessed his exit from the house. He succeeded in evading them, however, and made good his escape for the time being.

The younger victim of the assault was identified as Mrs. Glover, and the elder lady as her mother, Mrs. Constantine.

Mrs. Glover is suffering from a knife wound in the throat, which extends half-way round her neck. Her hands, too, are terribly cut and lacerated about. Mrs. Constantine, who had evidently tried to save her daughter, has a deep cut in the neck close to the ear, and a fearful head wound. The police found the knife with which these wounds had been inflicted behind the door in the back room of the house.

Both women were at once taken to the Royal Infirmary, where they now lie in a critical condition.

A Disappointed Lover?

Their assailant is believed to be a man belonging to Harpurhey, a disappointed admirer of Mrs. Glover, who has only recently been married. He is well known in the district, and the police are confident of effecting his arrest without any loss of time.

The man—whatever he may have been—appears to have waited until Mr. Glover, who is a warehouseman employed in a local furnishing establishment, had gone away to his business at eight o'clock. Then he must have knocked at the door and forced his way in.

What took place afterwards can only be conjectured, for his victims have not been able to give any account of the outrage. It is certain, however, that he set about his horrid work without any loss of time, for the police were in possession of the house before nine o'clock.

BASHFUL TRUANT.

Schoolboy Goliath Resents Ridicule of His Giant Stature.

A twelve-year-old schoolboy at Reigate has had greatness thrust upon him in a manner which he much resents. He is distinguished by his remarkable stature, for, though as yet of such comparatively tender age, he towers 5ft. 5in. in height.

Awkward complications have ensued. While the physical prowess of any boy of his own age has no terrors for this youth—he can easily handle a 56lb. weight—he positively quails before the subtler attack of their ridicule. His teachers also have found his presence as a pupil in one of the lower standards a drawback, for the attention of the other boys was hopelessly distracted by the amazing proportions of their classmate. In fact, while in London, the authorities at one school refused him admission on account of his size.

But, so far from being refused admission at Reigate, his father, Mr. John Hawkins, of Redhill, has been summoned for not sending him to school. The boy had refused to die further banter, but the magistrates say he must try and overcome such self-consciousness.

CHILDREN'S TEETHING

MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S

Soothing Syrup

FOR CHILDREN'S TEETHING

Has been used over 50 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, cures colic, wind, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

Sold by all Chemists at 1/3 per bottle.

PASSPORT TO PLEASURE.

Cut Out the Coupon on Page 1.

TO-DAY AT THE PALACE.

Twelve Hours of Fun for a Halipenny.

ADVICE TO OUR GUESTS.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER BY THE "DAILY MIRROR" METEOROLOGIST.

Indications point to a fair day, with cool, moderate breezes from the north-east to east.

The official forecast by the Meteorological Office is: "Generally fair or fine. Cool, with variable breezes."

Have you cut out the gala coupon from the front page?

This is the last word preliminary to the holding of to-day's colossal free entertainment at the Crystal Palace.

The subject to discuss now is how to reach home after the day's outing with the least discomfort and the greatest speed.

Do not rely solely upon the railway services, admirable though they are. Nothing is more disagreeable than to spend an hour in an overcrowded, overheated railway carriage. Arrangements have

SOME BIG "DON'TS" FOR TO-DAY.

DON'T disobey the officials and police. **DON'T** CROWD INTO THE TRAINS. It is dangerous.

DON'T LOITER about the staircases at the Palace.

DON'T CRUSH. Women and children will be present.

DON'T RUSH. There will be plenty to see and plenty of time to see it in.

DON'T forget that there are seven exits from Crystal Palace grounds.

DON'T LOSE YOUR TEMPER. Remember what you are receiving for nothing.

DON'T keep under cover all the time. Great things will happen hourly in the grounds.

DON'T crush or jostle others at the entrances to the railway platforms. It is dangerous.

DON'T OMIT TO KEEP AN EYE ON THE CHILDREN. The care of the little ones is your individual duty.

DON'T ENTER OR LEAVE the Palace by the nearest entrances and exits. You will save time by walking to the others.

DON'T imagine that you can only get away from the Palace by train. Trams and buses, within easy walking distance of the Palace, will take you to a score of points from which every quarter of the metropolis can be easily reached.

been made which will render this sacrifice of comfort quite unnecessary.

Special services of omnibuses and brakes will ply between the Palace exits to points from which every quarter of London can be reached by Tube, Underground, tram, or bus.

Aim at getting to the Elephant and Castle, from where every district in the metropolis is easily accessible.

Electric trams and omnibuses run to the Elephant and Castle, to the Hill and Streatham, both of which places are within pleasant walking distance of all the Crystal Palace exits.

Trams run direct from Streatham to Westminster and Blackfriars Bridges.

Thousands of visitors should use this quick, cheap method of getting home.

From Blackfriars Bridge the following districts are triets can be easily reached:—Victoria and Victoria Stations, the West, the Charing Cross, Richmond, Putney, Barnes, Clapham, Hammer-smith, Bayswater, Paddington, Marylebone, Kensington, Brompton, and other places.

From Blackfriars Bridge the following districts are accessible:—Southwark, Clerkenwell, Clerkenwell, Holborn Viaduct, Bloomsbury, King's Cross, St. Pancras, Finsbury, St. Paul's and Ludgate Hill, St. James's, St. John's, High-bury, Stoke Newington, Islington, Holloway, and Hampstead and other districts in the north and east.

An alternative route for homeward-bound visitors who live in all the western and south-western districts is as follows:—Walk from the Palace to

Crosted-road (five minutes), and take 'bus to Brixton or Clapham Junction Stations.

Another way to reach North, West, and Central London is to walk to Sydenham Hill Station (ten minutes) and book to the required destination.

Those visitors who study their comfort will map out routes and means of reaching home other than those generally used. For their assistance the above excellent suggestions are made.

Remember also that there are seven exits to the Crystal Palace, the least frequented being those in the Crystal Palace Park-road, in Thicket-road, and at Rockhills. On leaving the grounds split up your forces and use all the means of egress. Delay will occur by crowding the best-known exits.

Mr. J. H. Cozens, the general manager, has undertaken responsibility for controlling the crowds within the Crystal Palace. He will be assisted by a numerous and capable staff of officials and a large body of police.

Each individual visitor, however, can do much to render the occasion a pleasant and comfortable one for all concerned by carefully avoiding any

THE GREAT TIME TABLE.

ALL THESE AMUSEMENTS ARE ABSOLUTELY FREE TO "MIRROR" READERS.

11.0.—THE GREAT NEW AIRSHIP, built by Messrs. Spencer Bros., and now shown for the first time. It flies like a bird.

11.30.—CODY'S GREAT WAR KITES will make ascents from the Grounds.

12.30.—Organ Recital on Great Organ in Centre Transept by Mr. Walter W. Hodgson.

12.0.—Military Band in North Tower Gardens.

12.30 till 1.0.—MELBA AND CARUSO AT GRAMOPHONE CONCERT in Concert Room.

2.30.—Band of the Royal Fusiliers in North Tower Gardens.

3.0.—THE WORLD-RENNOWNED KILTIES' BAND will give their FIRST CONCERT AND DANCES IN EUROPE in the Centre Transept.

3.15.—CONCERT BY SMALLEST MILITARY BANDSMEN in England. Maze Band Stand. Motor Cycle Races on the Track.

3.30.—Norwood Prize Band on the Cycle Track. Polo Matches. "Daily Mirror" readers versus "Daily Mail" readers.

3.30.—BEAUTY COMPETITION in Concert Room.

Band of the 8th Hussars on Grand Terrace.

Band of the Coldstream Guards in Centre Transept.

4.30.—STUPENDOUS AERIAL FEAT by Orion, from Mammoth Towers on Grand Terrace.

5.0.—WORLD'S GREATEST BALLOON will make its First Ascent from the Balloon Grounds.

5.30.—Band of the Coldstream Guards in North Tower Gardens.

Band of the Royal Fusiliers near Maxim's Airship.

6.30 to 7.0.—POPULAR GRAMOPHONE CONCERT: DANLENO, Etc., in Concert Room.

7.0 to 7.30.—Remarkable Billiards by Mr. R. de Kuper in Messrs. Lyons' Billiard Room, South Nave.

Upper Norwood Prize Band on Grand Terrace.

7.30.—Band of the 8th Hussars in Centre Transept.

8.30.—Military Band on Grand Terrace.

8.30.—MID-AIR WALKING ON FIRE: ORION'S WONDERFUL PYROTECHNIC FEAT on Grand Terrace.

9.0.—MAGNIFICENT FIREWORK DISPLAY by Messrs. Brock.

9.30 to 10.30.—Band of the Coldstream Guards in North Tower Gardens.

Band of the Royal Fusiliers in Centre Transept.

Band of the 8th Hussars in South Nave.

Gorgeous Illumination of Park and Gardens by myriads of Fairy Lamps.

semblance of crushing. The vast scheme of entertainment will be supervised by Mr. Humphrey Bramhall.

A depot for lost children will be situated at south end of Concert Room in Centre Transept. A cycle garage (charge 6d.) at goods entrance to Palace, opposite High Level Station.

Beauty competitors must report at General Manager's Office before three o'clock.

All that remains is to wish our readers: "A happy, bright, and enjoyable day!"

VOTING TICKET

FOR

BEAUTY Competition.

Put this in the Box in front of the Lady you think most beautiful.

PALMISTS IDLE.

Out of Business Till Their Trial Is Over.

In the expectation that the Regent-street palmists and alleged fortune-tellers, "Yoga" and the "Keiros" would be placed on trial, there was a great gathering at Clerkenwell Sessions Court yesterday of persons interested in the case.

But, to the obvious disappointment of the spectators, who crowded the court, it was decided, after discussion between Judge and counsel, to postpone the trial until Monday, October 3.

This was in deference to the wishes of the defence, as expressed by Mr. Yelverton, who announced that he had only just been briefed on behalf of the three defendants, and was not ready to meet the charges.

He pointed out that as the palmists had stopped business pending a decision it would not affect the public sessions if the case was postponed to the next sessions.

Mr. C. F. Gill, K.C., for the prosecution, said a considerable time had elapsed since the arrest, and the defendants must have a very small capacity indeed for foretelling the future if they did not know they would come up at this sessions.

The Chairman of the Sessions decided to postpone the case as desired, and the defendants were again admitted to bail.

CRUSADE AGAINST BATHERS.

Doctor's Wife Alleged to Have Hidden a Swimmer's Clothes.

Some of the residents at Bognor are determined to prevent people bathing near their houses, and a case was heard by the Chichester county magistrates yesterday in which Mrs. Wedgwood, wife of a local doctor, summoned a Byfleet baker named Hole, for causing her intentional annoyance while he was bathing.

Counsel for Mr. Hole denied the offence, and complained that on one occasion Mrs. Wedgwood had taken Hole's clothes while he was in the water and thrown them over a wall. In consequence he was compelled to walk home in his bathing costume.

She had also, it was alleged, taken another man's boots, and a third man's bicycle while they were bathing.

Hole was fined £3 12s., but gave notice of appeal.

PATHETIC SEARCH FOR A WIFE.

Husband's Futile Visits to the Scenes of Their Holiday.

One very pathetic feature of the strange disappearance of Mrs. Mary Anne Hampton from Peckham has been the futile search made by her aged husband at a number of south-coast resorts.

For forty-eight years they had passed together a happy existence, and Mrs. Hampton's sudden departure from home one morning, unknown to her family, has caused husband and sons the most profound grief.

During their married life Mr. and Mrs. Hampton had practically never been separated.

This year they had been away together holiday-making at Southend, Margate, and Hastings, and though Mr. Hampton is seventy-two years of age his anxiety to find his wife has led him since her disappearance to visit these places in search of her. It is known that Mrs. Hampton had at least four or five pounds with her, and it is believed something may have induced her to set out to revisit one of these places.

Now, however, the old man feels himself unable to continue his pathetic search, as his journey has brought on a severe attack of rheumatism.

BABY KILLED BY A BABY.

A Hackney child, named Alfred Teacy, aged two, has died from the effects of a slight tap on the head which a child a few months older gave him with a hammer while they were playing at being soldiers.

At the inquest yesterday the innocent cause of the death at prattling in court, the charge of his mother quite unconscious of the part he had played in the tragedy.

FOUND IT UNINTERESTING.

Two casuals, charged at North London with refusing to perform their task while in the Islington Workhouse, complained that oakum-picking and stone-breaking was uninteresting work.

The magistrate expressed surprise at such tasks still being set, but agreed that it was not desirable to make the place too comfortable.

A workhouse witness said the difficulty was not to interfere with outside labour.

Assaulted by hoplites in Waterloo-road an old man named Shannon was taken early yesterday morning to St. Thomas's Hospital.

Mr. John Troutbeck, the coroner for Westminster, left London yesterday for a cycling tour in France.

FENCE AND DEFENCE.

New Tactics at the Sunbury Port Arthur.

DEFIANT "JOAN OF ARC."

Although outwardly there was peace at Sunbury yesterday, inwardly fierce strife was raging, for the Messrs. Clark, who claim ownership of the much-fought-over strip of foreshore, issued writs against every member of the opposing forces.

Mr. J. Annett, the generalissimo, was still away, but Mr. Stroud and the six stalwarts of his army were served each with an official blue document ordering them to appear upon a stated date in the High Court of Justice.

This was not all. The little, dilapidated iron fence, so many times removed, had by some sudden miraculous process given place to a sturdy pine barricade, with piles driven six feet into the earth. Moreover, to forestall any thoughts of sawing it away, heavy nails and wires were artfully driven in and woven about the stout beams.

J. A.'s Grave.

Mr. Edward Clark regarded his latest ramparts with proud, complacent eyes.

"They will," he said—and he indicated his enemies by a scornful, contemptuous note in his voice—"have a job to pull that down. We'll show 'em."

"See the grave," he added, pointing to a sombre little mound halfway down to the shore. It was a mock grave, with flowers upon it and a wooden cross, with the words: "In Memory. J. A.," carefully inscribed in the centre.

"Those are J. A.'s hopes," buried there," continued the victor with a modestly triumphant smile. "And when we come to law you will see who will be upheld by the Judge."

Miss Annett, of whom all Sunbury speaks proudly as the modern Joan of Arc, like a good general, is hiding her time.

"Fence," she said indignantly, to the *Mirror* representative's tentative inquiry, "what have we to do with peace? Let them adopt our terms, let them come to us and sue for peace, and we will think about it."

Joan's Last Skirmish.

Once again Miss Annett has led the battle in person. She was the last to overthrow the iron fence, and it was to avoid another such indignity that the present impregnable fortification was erected.

"I have disbanded the army," she declared, smiling, "until my father comes home. The strain of being the brains and cook of an army, at the same time, was beginning to tell on me."

The two policemen were still on guard yesterday, waiting disconsolately for another assault to relieve the monotony.

CHARM OF TONGUE.

German Governess's Adventure with a Fellow-Countryman.

On being spoken to at Islington in her native tongue by Harry Abrahams, a German Jew, Miss Johanna Karmn, a German governess of Fitzroy-square, was so pleased that she consented to go for a walk with the man.

After Abrahams had borrowed 2s. 5jd. from her for telegrams the two adjourned to a public-house, where the lady paid for two drinks.

They then visited the Alexandra Palace, where Miss Karmn lent a sovereign for tea for the dinner.

Afterwards, while they were sitting in the grounds, Abrahams suddenly jumped up and ran away, taking with him, it is alleged, Miss Karmn's purse, which contained £1 3s. 6d.

Abrahams was chased by a switchback railway attendant, captured, and given into custody. At Wood Green yesterday he was sent for trial.

POPULAR WORKHOUSE.

Clitheroe Workhouse having become overcrowded it has been found impossible to put the casuals to a labour test.

This fact has led to it becoming still further crowded, as tramps now call there at the rate of four hundred a week.

10/6 IMMENSE REDUCTION -
TO
ADVERTISE OUR WATCHES

V. Samuel & Co.'s
CELEBRATED GUINEA
Silver Keyless WATCHES,
REDUCED TO **10/6** 3 YEARS' WRITTEN
GUARANTEE.

SPLENDID TIMEKEEPERS.

26, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.
A few doors from the
Mansion House.

NOTICE—None sent by post. Customers must call for them.

10/6

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

There are 25,207,174 sheep in Great Britain this year, as compared with 25,639,797 last year.

Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P., leaves England to-day for South Africa on his mission in connection with the land question.

The urn containing the ashes of Sir Edwin Arnold has been placed by his son in the chapel of University College, Oxford.

"Gop Loans to Magog" is the title of the Rev. W. Carllie's sermon at St. Mary-at-Hill, Monument to-morrow evening.

In his will the late Mr. R. M. Dudley, of Sedgely, Staffordshire, has left his residence as a home to "respectable and gentle poor."

SHOULD BE MOTOR-CAR WITNESSES.

Ideas of speed are indeed hazy among bucolic witnesses.

At Liscard two witnesses were both certain that in a furious driving case the horse was going at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

COSTLY SMOKY CHIMNEY.

On being fined for allowing a smoke nuisance, a Bolton firm urged that the smoke deficit their best efforts.

They had spent over £2,000 on apparatus for preventing the nuisance during the past three years, and had just "scrapped" a stoking machine as useless.

CHURCH VAMPING TRUMPET.

At the Church Congress at Liverpool will be exhibited a vamping trumpet recently discovered in St. Andrew's Church, in the quaint old village of Wollington, in Lincolnshire.

It is 6ft. in length, and there are only three others known to exist. Originally it was used to give out the notices and numbers of the Psalms.

HARVEST OF THE SEA.

Owing to the market being glutted with herrings some travellers discharged into the sea off the Tees catches which would ordinarily be worth £100.

The fish have been washed up on the shore, where they lie decaying and polluting the atmosphere. It appears that the coast authorities have no recourse at law against the trawlers.

ABOUT A WEATHERCOCK.

The vicar and churchwardens of Wavertree Church have lately repaired their weathercock at an expense of £42. This sum they sought to collect out of the rates.

Their application to the Tosteth Board of Guardians met with scant courtesy. Father Harris, a member of the board, remarking, "It is nothing more nor less than a 'try on'."

FROM ALTAR TO GRAVE.

Thousands of persons witnessed the funeral at All Saints' Church, Halifax, of Mrs. A. L'Amie, the bride who met with such a tragic death.

Only a fortnight ago she was married at the same church by the same clergyman who conducted the burial service. Then the church was filled with wedding bouquets, while now the coffin was covered with funeral wreaths.

MAGISTRATE FINED.

Ignorance of the law is no defence, especially by a magistrate, remarked the York Stipendiary in fining Mr. Thomas N. F. Burdwell, J.P., of Bolton Hall, Wiltshire, for failing to stop his motor-car after an accident had occurred.

In meeting a person on horseback the defendant had neither slowed down nor stopped, although signalled to do so.

SARTORIAL ECCENTRICITY.

To wear two pairs of trousers is a sartorial eccentricity engendering suspicion in intelligent policemen.

So William Beynon, an elderly man in the Rhondda Valley, found, and the fact that the parcel he carried was found upon examination to contain six shirts so confirmed the suspicion that he was brought before the Merthyr Bench.

As the goods came from outside an outfitter's shop he was sent to prison for fourteen days.

EQUINE SURGERY.

On a horse having the misfortune to break a leg it is usually forthwith destroyed.

A Fingal farmer, however, is now experimenting in treating an injured horse like a human being, and having a broken leg set.

The animal is now in slings, and interest in veterinary circles is divided in its opinion whether the "set," even if successful, will ever enable the horse to walk without an amount of lameness which would make it valueless.

BISHOP PRAISES PRETTY POLLY.

Speaking at Barnsley, the Bishop of Sheffield, Dr. Quirk, who is also vicar of Doncaster, said that all the dotting mothers in his town were calling their infant daughters "Pretty Polly," after the winner of the St. Leger.

He hoped they might be as amiable ladies as the famous lady who gave them the name, for it was said she was so quiet that duchesses and countesses were allowed to take hair from her tail as a keepsake.

At Scene, in Perthshire, a young lady has been attacked and rendered unconscious by a masked man.

Mr. John Parnell, a well-known shire-horse breeder, has died at his residence at Rainbrook, Rugby.

Cottage homes for disabled men will be the memorial of the Middlesex Regiment for those who fell in the war.

Mary Nash, a Birmingham girl, stands committed for trial on a charge of wounding her young man, who had discarded her for another.

The Earl of Strathmore has dispersed his father's famous Glamis Castle herd of Aberdeen-Angus cattle. The sixty-six animals fetched nearly £3,000.

For representing himself as a detective and asking a Lewisham man if he had paid his rent, Robert Wilkinson has been fined £10 at the Greenwich Court.

CRITIC WANTED FRESH AIR.

Diplomacy solved an awkward situation at a hotel in Cardiff, where a prominent vocalist and an equally prominent musical critic were residing for the festival.

The vocalist, anxious to preserve his voice, desired that all the windows in the hotel corridors through which he passed, and also the windows in the breakfast-room, should be kept closed. The critic, on the other hand, was a lover of fresh air, and gave orders for all the windows to be kept open.

On being appealed to the manager soon solved the difficulty. The critic was tailed half an hour before the singer, and had finished his breakfast in a well-ventilated room by the time the vocalist was ready for his morning meal. All the windows were then closed.

TELL-TALE BURGLAR ALARM.

A patent burglar alarm has scored a point to its credit in quickly bringing the police to a shop at 103, Godwin-street, Bradford, which they found had been broken into.

The burglars were found on the roof, and an exciting attack took place. At the first onslaught the police were repulsed, P.C. Clements being kicked off the coping into the street, a distance of 30ft., and severely injured.

Finally they were overcome, and the two men, Harry Phillips, twenty-five, a labourer, and Tom Dewhurst, thirty-two, a painter, stand remanded.

CAUGHT IN A SAUSAGE MACHINE.

At the bakery of Messrs. W. T. Farrer and Son, Burton-street, Burnley, John Wilson Oldfield, eighteen, has had all the fingers chopped off both hands while attending a sausage machine.

One hand slipped into the mouth of the machine and was caught by the worm which draws the meat along to the knife. In attempting to extricate it with the other hand this, too, became caught. The machine had to be smashed to pieces before he could be liberated, and it was then found he had only his thumbs left.

JUDGES' TASTE FOR NOVELS.

Complaints have been made by Judges on circuit that at their lodgings at Exeter no light literature is provided for their perusal.

True, there is a law library; but the under-sheriffs declare no Judge has ever displayed the slightest interest in the tomes upon its shelves.

The Devonshire County Council have now voted £50, to be expended in novels for the Judges' sole use and to purchase bright-coloured prints to make the Judges' apartments partake of the character of a home from home.

HOUSEBREAKING FOR PINEAPPLE.

Housebreaking by boys is rapidly increasing. The thefts they commit, however, are mostly prompted by an inordinate appetite for sweets and dainties.

At Bristol, ten boys, aged between nine and sixteen, were charged with breaking into a warehouse and stealing preserved pineapple and chocolate. As they all were given an excellent character by the School Board officer they were merely admonished and bound over.

COOL THEFT OF A BULLOCK.

On going the round of the pens in the Oswestry Smithfield, Mr. Isaac Evans, a Whittington farmer, was astonished to find one of his bullocks entered to be sold by auction.

Inquiries led to the arrest of William Dunn, a labourer, who had casually selected the beast while at pasture, and openly driven it to market.

LIBERAL LADIES' BILLIARDS.

With a view of inducing women to take an interest in Liberal politics, the Cheshire Liberal Club promotes billiard and bowling handicaps especially for their amusement.

They are invited to pay a nominal fee of membership and promised light entertainment one day every month.

CONFETTI BY THE TON.

Barnstable Fair, in aid of the friendly societies, must have been a cheerful place for a quiet walk.

In their accounts of the goods sold it is made a proud boast that 3,323 bags of confetti were sold and emptied down the necks of innocent persons.

Hothouse grapes, which less than ten years ago fetched 2s. 6d. a pound, are now being sold at 6d. a pound.

On the arrival of a train at Waterloo from Southampton the Rev. Father Patrick Togharty, of Montreal, was found dead.

Mr. Francis W. Pixley will represent the Chartered Accountants of England and Wales at the Congress of Accountants at the World's Fair, St. Louis.

TOWING A COW.

As a cow was being driven into Yarmouth it jumped over the bridge wall into the River Bure. No landing-place being available, it had to be towed down the river by two men in a yacht's dinghy until Limekiln Quay was reached.

WELSH SEIBIANTWYR.

Hitherto there has not been a satisfactory Welsh word for "holiday-makers."

The Arch-Druid has decided that Celtic trippers may in future term themselves "Seibiantwy" with comfort to themselves and the mystification of outsiders.

RED BANANAS COMING.

Sir Alfred Jones has determined to tap the Gold Coast for further varieties of the banana.

A delicious red banana is grown at Old Calabar which has hitherto been found too sweet for transport.

It is hoped, however, by up-to-date refrigeration to preserve it for the English market.

ELUSIVE MOTORISTS.

Within a week an elusive motorist has caused two accidents at Spofforth, and in each case has escaped undetected.

Sir Robert Gunter, chairman of the Wetherby Petty Sessions, said that when the motorists were found they would be treated pretty heavily, as in one case they had killed a horse.

TRUANT SOLDIER HEARS HIS BANS.

For the second time Albert Patten, a Welsh Fusilier, broke out of barracks at Litchfield, to hear at Davenham Church, Northwich, the bans read for his marriage with a widow with five children.

He has been sent back to his regiment under an escort to be dealt with by the military authorities.

CUT IN MOTOR-CYCLES.

Dumping will soon bring motor-cycles within the reach of the office-boy.

At the Stanley show in November a Belgian firm will exhibit a complete motor-cycle of 2-h.p., which is to be retailed in this country for £30.

This cut is causing consternation among English manufacturers, who have mostly large stocks on hand.

NO-HAT BRIGADE.

The hatless craze still flourishes in Leeds, the members of the brigade being enthusiastic over their summer seaside holidays spent without any headgear.

Soberly say the true test of whether a hat is or is not required in the English climate will become acute amid the chill fogs and rain downpours of November and December.

UNDESIRABLE WARRIOR.

When Private William Barry, of the Somerset Light Infantry, was asked at Plymouth why he failed to attend defaulters' drill he made the astonishing reply that he did not intend to do any more drill.

At a court-martial it was proved that when only eighteen years old he had been convicted fourteen times for robbery with violence.

WEALTHY INTESTATE.

It is seldom that a man leaves nearly half a million of money without some written indication of his desires as to its disposal.

Mr. John Hutcheson Kerr, of Harviestown and Castle Campbell, Clackmannanshire, has left an estate valued at £483,479 and no will. Letters of administration have been granted to John Ernest Kerr, one of the next-of-kin.

GENEROUS BILL BAILEY.

When the secretary to the Cardiff Infirmary, which has recently made an appeal for funds, received a cheque for £15,000, he omitted to examine the signature. He has now been informed by the bankers to the institution that the cheque has been drawn by a mythical person named Bill Bailey.

The secretary appeals to the author of the hoax to make amends by sending a genuine gift.

YORK'S BAD BARGAIN.

When the York Board of Guardians bought up a stock of ready-made boys' clothing from a tradesman relinquishing business they congratulated themselves on making an excellent bargain.

Now that the Local Government Board has surcharged the amount of £216, on the ground that they are only legally entitled to purchase goods after inviting tenders, they have discovered that the moth will have ruined the suits long before they can possibly all be used.

COLONY OF BEAUTY.

Rich Man's Fad to Rear a Handsome Race.

M. Ratchatnikoff, a great Russian landowner, who devoted himself to instituting a beautiful race of people, has had the pleasure of attending the marriage of two members of the second generation born on his estate.

Some years ago, M. Ratchatnikoff attracted to his estate exceptionally handsome men and girls of more than usual beauty.

He practically offered land to handsome men on terms which attracted numberless applicants. These were weeded out with great discrimination; and forty supremely handsome men settled down in homesteads upon the estate.

After that the problem of selecting beautiful wives for them exercised the ingenuity of the landowner. Some girls of great attractiveness were taken as servants into his own house, others were taken into the homes of neighbouring landowners.

Censor of Marriage.

The landowner then suggested marriages which he held would result in the achievement of a higher type of beauty.

The colony flourished beyond its founder's expectations. Over one hundred beautiful children resulted from these carefully arranged alliances—children of so much beauty that the estate became renowned.

The marriage of two of these children has just taken place.

The bride, eighteen years of age, was a veritable paragon of beauty; the young man, of twenty-two years of age, was a fit mate for the village queen.

At the conclusion of the wedding feast the newly-married couple were conducted by M. Ratchatnikoff to a snug little house surrounded with a small farm, his wedding-present to the happy pair.

CLEVER RED-HAIRED GIRLS.

City Merchant Prefers Them to All Others at Business.


A City merchant claims that red-haired girls are superior to other girls. He has accordingly drafted an advertisement, which runs:—

Wanted, a red-haired typewriter. One who does not wear long skirts or use perfume given preference.

"From a long experience in a business where a good many girls are employed," said this merchant to a *Mirror* representative, "I have concluded that red-haired girls do the best work, and are most reliable."

"As to not using perfume, I think this is just as reasonable as to advertise for a man who is a teetotaler. With respect to long skirts, there is no room in a business office for them."

"A girl requires both her hands for her work in my office, and cannot spare one for long trailing skirts."



The LATEST Collar
IS NOT A
SHAPELESS NECKBAND.
IT IS
A COLLAR THAT FITS YOU.
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Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1904.

WHERE WE COME IN.

THIS is *Daily Mirror* Day, and thousands of our readers will revel in the enjoyment of a stupendous entertainment free of charge at the Crystal Palace.

They will be the guests of the youngest daily newspaper in London. It has provided free tickets in a quantity never before distributed, and if the weather is fine the crowd should be the largest ever assembled at one place of entertainment.

Our readers, astounded that so young a newspaper, or any newspaper for that matter, should undertake such a huge enterprise, are asking: "But where does the *Daily Mirror* come in?"

Where do we come in? In the first place we get an enormous advertisement. The whole of London is talking of the *Daily Mirror*, and not only that, but buying it.

We have found, in the course of our phenomenal growth, that when a man sees the *Daily Mirror* he wants to see it again. It is only necessary for him to know about it for him to buy it regularly.

The advance orders for to-day's number promise an issue of about 500,000. That indicates that more than 250,000 are buying the *Mirror* simply for the coupon admitting them to the Crystal Palace. These in addition to our regular readers who will avail themselves of the free ticket.

At least a quarter of a million persons, therefore, will buy to-day's *Daily Mirror* who never bought it before. Seeing it, they will like it. Liking it, they will buy it again.

That is where we come in!

LADY CURZON'S ILLNESS.

The news of the serious illness of Lady Curzon will be received in all parts of the Empire with sincere grief, and not least in India, where she has endeared herself to all with whom she has come in contact.

The life of a Vicereine must always be a full one, but to the task before her Lady Curzon brought a fund of exceptional energy, pluck, and endurance. She accompanied the Viceroy upon all his tours, making light of fatigue and discomfort, and in every department of her public life showed an interest and enthusiasm which could hardly have been surpassed. It is to be feared that it is this devotion to the duties of her high position which is responsible in no small measure for her present illness.

For Lord Curzon the widest sympathy will be felt in the great anxiety under which he suffers, and it will be the earnest hope of all that his beautiful and brilliant wife may be quickly restored to her wonted health. Lady Curzon is one of those women whom the Empire could ill spare.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

I own that I am disposed to say grace upon twenty other occasions in the course of the day besides my dinner. I want a form for setting out upon a pleasant walk, for a moonlight ramble, for a friendly meeting, or a solved problem.—*Charles Lamb* ("Essays of Elia.")

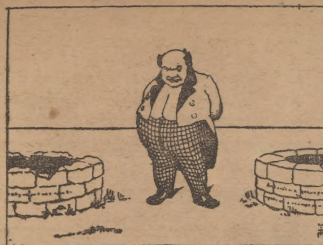
WHY NOT BE HAPPY?

Why are you sad when the sky is blue? Why, when the sun shines bright for you, And the birds are singing, and all the air So sweet with the flowers everywhere? If life hath its thorns, it has roses too.

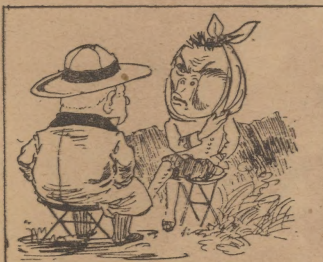
Life's sorrows are many, its joys so few! Ah! sing of the joy! Let the dismal crew Of black thoughts hide in their doleful lair, Give us glad songs; sing us free from care. Gladness maketh the world anew.

Why are you sad?
—M. Courthope Bowen.

RUSSIA'S MISLEADING WAR CARTOONS.



JOHN BULL (beside two wells, labelled "International Law" and "Laws of Neutrality"): I have fouled the wells from which I may have to drink myself. ("Novoye Vremya," St. Petersburg.)



JOHN BULL: It seems you've been hurt, my friend.
JAP: Oh, that is part of my plan! ("Oskolkii," St. Petersburg.)



JAP: Don't forsake me, dear. I cannot manage without you.
FORTUNE: You are base and low, and I have nothing to do with you. ("Budlinik," St. Petersburg.)

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Mr. J. H. Cozens, the Manager of the Crystal Palace.

HE is the man of the moment because he has a record task before him. The *Mirror* Gala Day to-day is the record gathering of people bent on amusement, but he is the man to make light of it. In fact, he is the only man who could possibly carry the task through. He brings youth, experience, and natural talent to the work.

Broad-shouldered, fair-haired, with a determined mouth, partly hidden by a trim moustache, and with the keenest of keen eyes, he looks the very man to undertake, and successfully carry through, the stupendous task. And to-day's work is not all. He has been busy for days now in making the necessary preparations for the great gathering to-day.

At the Palace, and among those who know him in private life, he is known as a man whom it is good to obey. He does not have to give an order twice. People have learned that he means what he says, and only says what he knows.

Managing crowds is like an instinct with him. Never in his career has he had an accident, and he has had many severe tests. Crowds of 140,000 people have been under his direction before now, but never once has there been a hitch in his arrangements or a single complaint.

He says he is lucky; people who know what he has had to do, laugh when he says it. Perhaps he is lucky, but his success is the result of brains and knowledge, not of luck.

THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE.

Tame Life in the Law Courts' Garden.

A big tabby cat wanders her way leisurely through the gates of the open iron screenwork at the Carey-street end, on observing that the entrance is carefully double-sentried by two arms-of-the-law. The blue-clad problems stand shoulder to shoulder with their faces to the Strand, as the more likely direction in which to discern something interesting. They neither move nor speak. There was nothing to say. The black-bearded policeman in a helmet holds his hands clasped in front. The white-moustached inspector with white trimmings on the crown of his cap, holds his, clasped behind. Slumb'rous stupor of a Long Vacation day!

A faint sound behind. The black-bearded arm (or two-arms) of the law wheels round on his heels like the little tin soldier, with a spring that jerked—it might be a bomb outrage or some other mighty excitement just beginning to happen!

No, nothing but puss advancing for interrogatory purposes. "Come here, puss; come and tell me where you've been," says the man in blue.

Coquettishly puss draws off, as good cooks do in similar circumstances.

The arm-of-the-law twitches his fingers coarsely. His advances were irresistible—puss surrenders, and polishes her best fur coat against his ankle.

A few sparrows hop about at their feet, mainly occupied in chirping impertinences to the pigeons, who look as though they would like to be dignified about it, if only they were not so fat that losing their temper might bring on apoplexy.

But for the sparrows life is very tame indeed.

BROKEN ENGAGEMENTS.

"Mirror" Readers Keenly Discussing the Question in Letters.

Letters from *Mirror* readers, interested in whether a man is justified in breaking off his engagement at the eleventh hour before the wedding, are still reaching the office in numbers.

Below are a few of those which arrived yesterday:

"Twice Jilted" says that it is a good thing for girls to learn that men can break off engagements, and that they have not now got it all their own way.

I would go farther than that. I am prepared to see a heavy penalty imposed on the person who breaks off an engagement. A few men would suffer, but the majority would be women; unless, as happens now, men took the blame which does not belong to them. THREE TIMES JILTED. Richmond.

Most people seem to think that it is necessary to give half a dozen reasons why a man should not break off his engagement at the eleventh hour. After that they say it is not the right thing for him to do.

I do not bother to give reasons. I know—and am sure every decent girl does, too—that such a man is a despicable cad. The people who uphold such actions are as bad. AN ENGAGED GIRL. Swansea.

If girls only knew the miseries of married life when the husband has no love for his wife they would be willing to let any man go if he wanted to.

When a woman is tied by her children there is no escape, or only a very desperate one. She should run no risks of an unhappy marriage that she can help. MAUD S. BLAND. Derby.

THE WORLD'S HUMOUR.

Some folks would best be fed with a long-handled spoon.—"Judge," New York.

"Did you hear about Mary selling kisses at the bazaar for a hundred roubles each? I don't believe her story that she sold a thousand at that price."

"It's quite true. They were all sold on credit."—"Srekoza," St. Petersburg.

Seldom Fidd (musingly): Lemme see. What's dat old sayin' about half a loaf? "Half a loaf is better"—better dan what?

Soiled Spooner: Better dan a steady job, o' course!—"Judge," New York.

"Mariya, this is outrageous. Do you always clean the plates by licking them?"

"No, marm. I gave them to Fido to lick yesterday."—"Budlinik," St. Petersburg.

It isn't the thing you do or say, It's all in the way you do or say it; What would the egg amount to, pray, If the hen got up on the perch to lay it?—"Chicago Record-Herald."

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

SIR GILBERT PARKER, who has been paying farewell political visits before starting on a four months' tour in South Africa, tells a good story of how he and an English officer managed to secure fresh eggs at a small post in Egypt. The only other food to be had was tinned meat, so the eggs were an important item of diet. Day after day the eggs were like the curate's egg, "very good in parts, my lord," but one morning they were frankly bad. The officer, who had the power of life and death in that particular spot, was determined that in future the eggs must be fresh, and the egg merchant was summoned between two sentries.

"Open your mouth," ordered the officer. The trembling egg merchant obeyed. Slowly and solemnly a foul and evil-smelling egg was poured in. Once more the command was given, and another potential rooster was gulped down. A third followed the same way. Woeever else may have had bad eggs for breakfast after that, Sir Gilbert Parker and that officer—his name is always withheld by Sir Gilbert—had fresh, or even new-laid, ones.

To-day is the birthday of Lord Hopetoun. Probably there will be confusion over his identity for a few years yet. He is not the Lord Hopetoun who was the first Governor-General of Australia, but his eldest son, for the father was made Marquis of Linlithgow on his return. Strangely enough, too, Lord Linlithgow celebrates his forty-fourth birthday to-morrow. Lord Hopetoun is only seventeen.

Lord Linlithgow was immensely popular in Australia, for he was, and is, utterly lacking in "side," a fact which was much appreciated by the Colonials. He tells the story of how, after a long ride with some members of the Ministry, he left his companions far behind and rode up alone to a little township. The principal residents were waiting, and the all he was proffered. After a few minutes he asked them what was the cause of the festivity. "We're waiting for the Governor," said the spokesman. "Well, I'm the Governor," said Lord Linlithgow. The only answer he got were outbursts of incredulous laughter. Until the rest of the party arrived the unbelieving backwoodsmen continued to treat him as a superb, but unsuccessful, practical joker.

Another birthday to-day is that of Admiral Sir Arthur Cochrane, who is eighty. Last year, a day after he was seventy-nine, he celebrated the event by a feat which many men very much his junior would not care to tackle. It is recorded in the visitors' book of St. Paul's Cathedral, where below his signature he wrote:—"Yesterday was my seventy-ninth birthday, and to-day I ascended as far as the grating immediately below the gilded ball of St. Paul's. I started from the floor of the Cathedral, and accomplished the journey in thirteen minutes."

Ill luck seems to stick to Mr. Herbert Waring very closely. The latest stroke is that he has been declared a bankrupt on the application of Mrs. Langtry, in respect of rent of the Imperial Theatre. It started early, when he was sent to prison for long curls and a kilt. His sufferings for some days were, to say the least of it, severe. His first occupation was school-mastering, but as he was determined to go on the stage he put his name down at a theatrical agent's and awaited results.

It is nearly twenty-seven years ago now since his first chance came, and then in a wildly-absurd melodrama Mr. Waring took the part of one of the crew of an Oxford University boat—the stroke was the hero—which was supposed to be trained by a retired prize-fighter who kept a public-house. By some strange licence, known only to the author, the race was rowed early in February, while the Derby was run the day previous, and attended by the crew! For this, his first part, he received the magnificent salary of 30s. a week.

One of his next experiences was with a small, farical person, who distributed the own handbills. On the next night, directly the curtain had been raised, it came down again with a run, and the company had to climb up into the flies and put it right before the play could go on. Then a piece of scenery fell down, and a member of the audience obligingly climbed on top of the stage and held it up while the play proceeded. His first London success was a sentimental curate in a farce. He spoilt the play by making people weep instead of laugh.

Like so many unlucky men he is a jovial and popular person, and a good sportsman. Next to the stage his greatest love is cards—especially whist. Up to the last moment before the rising of the curtain he is to be found at the Green Room Club, gloating over his trumps as though such things as dramatic critics or "boo-ing" first-nighters did not exist.

Lord Reay, who, as president of the Institute of International Law, has been making an important speech on the subject of the Russian attacks on British commerce, is by birth a Dutchman, and was born in The Hague, though of Scotch descent. In Holland he is known as Baron Mackay, and owns a fine estate at Ophemert. In Scotland he is head of the clan of the Mackays, but as his Dutch appearance does not go well with Highland dress, his clan sees little of him. His wealth comes from his wife, a rich widow. His heir is his cousin, a distinguished Dutch statesman, and sometime Prime Minister of the Netherlands.

THE "DAILY MIRROR" CINEMATOGRAF

JAPS TENDING A WOUNDED RUSSIAN.



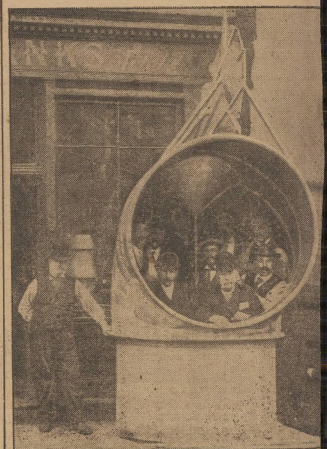
First aid to the wounded. Japanese Medical Corps men attending a wounded Russian soldier near Liao-yang.—(Copyright of "Collier's Weekly.")

UNDERGROUND TRAMWAYS.



Showing the north end of the new tramway subway in Southampton-row.

LARGEST COWL IN THE WORLD.



It has just been made by Mr. F. G. B. Greenwich, and has been fixed at the Omnibus Company's granaries to extract from the chaff cutting fan underneath.

"MAGIC KETTLE" GIRL.



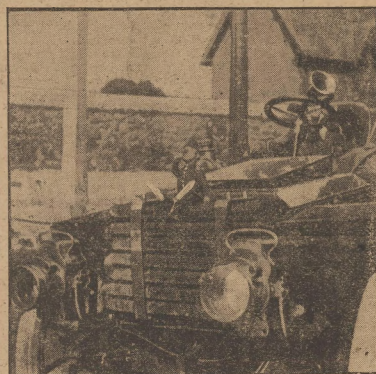
Miss Meda Hurst, the charming young lady who assists in the magic kettle "turn" at the Palace Theatre.

'DAILY MIRROR' MINIATURES.



A picture of the beautiful miniatures now being sold at 2s. 11d. to advertise the "Daily Mirror."—(See page 4.)

MASCOT POLICEMAN.



Mr. E. Elliott Pyle has run his motor-car all the summer carrying a little policeman, as seen in the above photograph, and has never been summoned for exceeding the limit while "Bobby" has been on guard.

LONDON AS IT ISN'T.



But how the congestion of traffic will be remedied if London had elevated railways seen in this unique photograph of W. Underwood and Underwood.)

SHOULD WIVES CUT THEIR HUSBAND'S HAIR?



In the curtain-raiser—"That Brute, Simmons"—at the New Theatre. Mr. W. Cheeseman (Bob Ford), Miss Carlotta Zorbin (Mrs. Simmons), and Mr. F. Volpe (Simmons).

PRETTY CANDIDATES FOR THE "DAILY MIRROR" BEAUTY COMPETITION.



Grace Violet Marsh, of Catham, Bristol.



Marjorie Godwin, of Bushey, Herts.



Irena Tomlinson, of ...

NEWS OF THE DAY SEEN THROUGH THE CAMERA



JAPANESE REINFORCEMENTS FOR THE FIRING LINE.



Japanese reserves preparing to storm the heights at Yantsuling, which were being stubbornly defended by the Russians.—(Copyright of "Collier's Weekly.")

A JAPANESE WAR PICTURE.



This drawing of the war in the Far East has just arrived from Japan. It is by a Japanese artist, and depicts two of his countrymen capturing a Russian flag.

JAPANESE CHEERING.



Japanese soldiers greeting their generals, after a victory, with the national cry of "Banzai."—(Copyright of "Collier's Weekly.")

OUR NEW SERIAL

[BEGINS HERE.]

TILL THE DEAD SPEAK.

By META SMMINS,

Author of "The Bishop's Wife."

"We may evade the watchful gaze of the Living, but the invisible eyes of the Dead are upon us all, eternally."

—Montaigne.

CHAPTER I. The Scapegoat.

For nearly half-an-hour the ivory paper knife had withstood the unwanted pressure put upon it by the restless fingers of the brooding man. Now it snapped suddenly, with a little jarring sound, as of protest.

Robert Ferris looked down at the jagged pieces in his hands with dazed eyes.

As he flung the pieces on the desk in front of him, the whiz sprang up in Ferris's heart that even as he had snapped this blade in two, so he might break, body and soul, the traitor who had betrayed him.

He revolved the whole thing in his mind. Even in his despair he was too clear-headed not to see the futility of any defence he might offer.

Such a threadbare story!

The story of a man who has owned money entrusted to him and used it for his own purposes. Yet he was not to blame, not, if one went to the very root of the matter, responsible for the first steps which had brought dishonour on an old and honourable firm. Latham, his partner, Latham, the lovable, irresponsible man, whom nature had made a prodigal, and fate, for her diversissement, had pitched him into the position of junior partner in this steady-going, jog-trot, old-fashioned firm of solicitors; yes, undoubtedly it was Latham, with his cursed racehorses, his lordly ways, his insane rush after pleasure, who had originally cut the vein through which the golden blood of the firm had oozed, to its last minted drop. His own speculations had merely been as the unskilful efforts of an amateur surgeon to tie up a severed artery.

Of a sudden Stephen Latham's personality loomed up large before him. The man was his cousin and his partner, there were ties of affection as well as of blood between them; yet as he thought of him Ferris's face grew dark. He was in that mood when a man brought up face to face with ruin demands a scapegoat, a stalking-horse on which to hang his misery, and here was one to his hand—Stephen Latham.

Was he—the other man to go scot-free at the day of reckoning.

It seemed almost a necessary dramatic sequence to his thoughts that at this moment the door behind him should open and Stephen Latham enter.

Robert Ferris looked up, and with an adroit movement drew a loose blotting sheet over the papers on the desk before him.

"Early hours for you, my dear Stephen," he said, in a pleasant voice.

"Early? Eleven o'clock, Ferris, strict business hours!" cried Latham, with a grin, as he perched himself on the edge of the great office-table.

He was the kind of man women call a good-looking boy. Good-looking he undoubtedly was, tall without impressing you unduly with the fact, broad-shouldered, slender, and lithe of hip, with a face which at the first glance was ingenuous and boyish, and the second ingenuous still, but a little dissipated. He was dressed with the utmost possible care, and bore on his well-groomed person the indescribable cachet of a first-class tailor.

"You look so glum, my dear Robert," he said, with what was almost a teasing accent, "that I am forced to the painful conclusion that you regard my aboriginal punctuality with suspicion rather than pleasure."

"I conclude that you want money," said Ferris with an odd intonation. "It is usually your sole object in attending at the office."

"Your conclusion does your judgment infinite credit, Latham cried gaily. "Of course I want money—I am not better than my fathers!" He kicked his heels against the table, and looked at the other with sudden curiosity.

"I say, Ferris, is anything the matter? You look—"

"I look," interposed Robert Ferris, still with that drag in his voice, "exactly as I always look. Go on with your story. You want money—that's not uncommon. How much do you want, and why do you want it?"

Latham took out a cigar and turned it nervously in slim, brown fingers. His manner, as he sat there, was remarkably boyish. "There's no use beating about the bush, Robert. I'm in the deuce of a hole—I've had the most infernal luck—the Doncaster week has just about finished me up. Of course, you know nothing about these things, but I backed Rosencrantz's horse for the Leger. It was a hot favourite, and—" he got up from the table with a sudden, abrupt movement—"the cursed brute came in last, and dropped me a cool thousand!"

"A thousand!" The exclamation came like a pistol-shot from Robert Ferris's lips. It seemed to sing and reverberate in the quiet of the office.

"A thousand," repeated Latham, with a sort of shamefaced doggedness. "And Monday's settling day at Tattersall's!"

Robert Ferris pushed back his chair with a slow, grating movement. "You want me to advance you this money, I suppose?" he said. His thin, well-coloured lips curled into a smile, showing the even line of the fine teeth.

"My dear Robert, I'm confoundedly sorry. It was rank, rotten luck! Of course, it's only a question of a loan. You can have the thing tied up, interest allotted, and all that." He stopped suddenly, for Ferris had interrupted him with a short bark of laughter.

"I'm sorry to disappoint you, my dear Stephen. Before you go further—I cannot help you. A change came over his face which swept the smile from it visibly, as the wind sweeps the sun from undulating fields, leaving them dull and black. He brought down his hand on the desk with a snarling cry.

"You and your infernal extravagances! You have ruined me at last, curse you!"

For a moment of oppressive silence the two men stared at each other.

"What do you mean, Ferris?" Latham ejaculated jerkily, after a minute. "I think you must be mad—it's the only excuse for you."

The older man controlled himself with an effort. "I'm sorry," he said smoothly; "but you must acknowledge I have some cause for anger. You've been a very horse-leech to the firm, bleeding it to death. And the end has come now, as the end comes to everything. There's nothing left to bleed. The firm is bankrupt."

"Bankrupt!" Latham stared at his partner. An unpleasant greyness had crept into his face, vitating its healthy bronze. "I'm afraid I don't understand," he said lamely. "I cannot understand how, even granting my extravagance, the firm could be in such a feverish way that a paltry thousand pounds could knock it into a cocked hat!"

"A thousand pounds!" said Ferris contemptuously. "Reckon up what you've had from the business in the last five years. And what have you put into it? Not a penny! As for work, I'd have got a better clerk than you for £50 a year!"

Latham turned away, tugging with nervous fingers at his small moustache. The other man's words ticked him on the raw, and he winced with the pain of an animal unaccustomed to the whip. "I know," he said impatiently, "I know. I've been a fool and chuckled away my money; but, as for work, it's pretty low-down of you to taunt me with not sticking to it. Haven't you encouraged me to keep away from the office—the deuce knows why? For some dark purposes of your own, I've no doubt! And as for blood-sucking, I don't wish to cast anything in your teeth, but you've plunged pretty heavily on the Stock Exchange, and you can't deny it!"

Ferris's face went livid; he was holding himself in with an iron hand, yet his voice, for all that, when he spoke again, shook with passion.

"I did not sit still and see the thing go to pieces," he said slowly. "Within the last three years I have put fifty thousand pounds of fresh blood into it, fifty thousand pounds of Hilda Maxwell's money."

"What, man!" cried Latham. "You stole!"

"Stole!" Ferris half started from his chair, as though he would have dashed his hand in the other's face, then with an effort mastered himself and fell back. "Don't speak like a fool. I borrowed it, and I'd have paid it back within this year, within this month, only—"

"Only for the reason that men who embezzle money never pay it back," broke out the other hotly.

"Only," continued Ferris calmly, with no notice of the interruption, "someone, the deuce knows who, got into the matter, and warned the girl's guardian. He lands in London to-night."

Latham did not see the sneer which curled the other's lips. He had dropped his face on his hands with a groan. What he saw was the scroll of his wasted years spread out before him. The receiver was worse than the thief, and that was what he had been, the receiver. A girl's money—that was what he had been squandering. A girl's money! Hilda's money!

"A pair of knaves," he said aloud, "scoundrelly knaves—that is what the world will call us, with perfect truth."

"The thing's done now," said Ferris grimly, "there's no use whining over it. If the infernal sneaks who gave me away had not interfered, there would have been no cause for whining, no talk of embezzlement in the matter. But I can do nothing now, my hands are tied. The Hindoo will be here to-morrow, charged up to the nozzle with legal knowledge. These Indians always are."

"The Hindoo?" repeated Latham anxiously.

"Yes. Didn't you know that the girl's father, a crack-brained Orientalist, made some confounded native the girl's guardian? But for some cursed sentimental tie between the two, my father would have had the will disputed. The life of a white girl given into the hands of a nigger!"

"He must have been mad," said Latham abstractedly. "And Miss Maxwell hates India, and everything in it doesn't she?"

He got up and began to pace the room, his hands thrust deep in his pockets. "Heavens! It is possible that nothing can be done?" he burst out. "Before this blow fell, before you learned that the Indian had been warned, what was your plan?"

Ferris's long, capable fingers toyed nervously with the broken pieces of the paper knife. "I had not a plan," he said. "The very trifling lady, Fate, had taken my case in hand, I found. By the very merest chance, I discovered that Hilda Maxwell loved me."

"The boy burst into a violent laugh. "You love her, he cried sneeringly. "By Jove! how most awfully convenient. And the Raycroft?"

Ferris shrugged his shoulders. "Mrs. Raycroft and I understand each other."

The boy stared at him; a vivid scarlet spot burned on each of his cheeks. "To think that I've known you all these years, and never realised that you were a knave before," he said hotly. "I don't believe one word of your story. It's a horrid lie that Hilda loves you."

There was a silence in the room.

Suddenly Latham stopped short in his paces, and sat down opposite Ferris. "Have you any money?" he asked, with a new briskness in his voice.

A few thousands. But what's that? No, I really cannot."

Latham's face went short. "If you'll give me two clear thousand pounds I'll cut the country. It's the only thing to do. It's all I can do. They'll post me a defaulter on Monday at Tattersall's, and I couldn't stay to face that. Once I'm out of the way, you—surely you've wit enough to father the whole show on me when the truth comes out."

As he spoke, Ferris stared at him for a moment, then, with a flickering smile, stretched his hand to the table. "By heaven, you're game enough, Latham," he cried. "A hundred thanks, but it can't be done. No, I'll stand up to it like a man, and trust to a woman's love to understand."

"Bah!" said Latham. "It can be done, and it shall be done." His despair had turned to recklessness, and he held his hand for a moment, but with a flickering smile, stretched his hand to the table. "By heaven, you're game enough, Latham," he cried. "A hundred thanks, but it can't be done. No, I'll stand up to it like a man, and trust to a woman's love to understand."

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"Try me," cried Latham. He brought down his fist upon the table, with an oath. "Try me. At the worst I could but fail. The disgrace would be mine."

"I should still be a bankrupt," said Ferris slowly. "A bankrupt, but not a thief. A bankrupt because your scoundrel of a partner absconded and left you in the lurch." Latham gave a reckless laugh. "Look, I feel the part. I can act it, I warrant you. Once show the country a clean pair of heels, with £3,000 I'm a new man. You've— you've the women to think of."

An hour later found them talking still, found Latham pledged to his mad sacrifice, found Ferris holding his scapegoat to the shape he wished, hope high in his heart.

At last he stood up. "I suppose I'd better show up at the club," said Latham, with a bitter little laugh. "Well, you'll come round to my rooms in Craven-street to-night?"

Ferris nodded.

CHAPTER II.

Out from the Presence.

Stephen Latham slipped some photographs into the inner pocket of the bulging kit bag. "For the purpose of identification, and that finishes it," he said, as he locked the bag. "Well, you'll let me down as gently as may be—to everyone—your mother, Ferris?"

"If I thought you'd play any fool's trick I'd stop this farce now and go through with the thing straightforwardly."

For the moment Ferris meant what he said.

"Oh, cease! Good-bye, and good luck. I wish you well through it." Latham spoke with elaborate nonchalance, but his eyes had dimmed; he was hideously ashamed to find himself so moved.

At the front door the men gripped hands. The boy did not look back once as he hurried down the stairs.

As the echo of the other's feet on the long, stone stair, growing ever fainter, died in the distance, Ferris turned back into the flat and bolted the door behind him.

It was a rambling set of chambers, which had belonged to Stephen Latham's father before him. Latham had used only the best rooms of it; the rest were shut up and dusty, full of hideous, old-fashioned furniture. Ferris opened the bedroom door and looked in. It was in wild disorder; the boy had evidently dallied with the idea of taking more luggage.

On the small table by the bed was evidence of the boy's dalliance with another idea—the idea of actual and immediate suicide—evidence which stared up at him with an awfully grim, unsmiling, serviceable revolver. Ferris picked it up and examined it carefully. It was not new, and he saw that engraved on the little silver plate was the name S. J. Latham. A sudden recollection rushed over Ferris; this was a present he had given to Stephen some years before.

At that moment the electric bell of the flat rang. The sound rippled in two on the flimsy veil of scent. It had been weaving across his desire. He uttered a cry. Stephen had come back. Come back before he had had time so much as to take his ticket. He slipped the revolver into his pocket, and as he went hastily to the door the bell rang for the second time.

Ferris flung the door open. The light on the staircase had not been lit, and it was in darkness, save for such faint glimmer of daylight as yet filtered through the grimy cupola above their heads, and the man outside was in shadow, while he himself was sharply silhouetted against the brilliant light in the hall behind him.

"Mr. Ferris Latham?" asked the stranger in a soft and melancholy voice.

"Not at home," said Ferris brusquely. He regretted bitterly the impulse which had led him to open the door, and would have closed it peremptorily, had not the other, with a lithe and catlike movement of his body, rendered such an action impossible.

"Not at home to me—to Hushmut Bismar? That is a mistake, I think. It is evident that Mr. Ferris Latham goes a journey, but it is imperative that he sees me first. Yes, quite imperative."

There was something unmistakably menacing in the man's voice. Ferris altered his tactics. "Ah, Mr. Bismar, it is you who have made a mistake, I think. You wish to see my cousin? He is out, but will you not step in?"

The man thanked him and complied. As Ferris shut the door he saw that his companion was tall and slender, correctly dressed in European costume, with the exception of a small turban deftly twined about his head.

Ferris led the way into the sitting-room. "We did not expect you till to-morrow. I suppose you called at the office and found us gone. You are not accustomed to our English business hours, Mr. Bismar."

"No," said the Indian, "there is much in your English business I do not understand. I do not take the seat which Ferris offered, but stood by the table, his dark, narrow eyes taking in every detail of the crying disorder of the room.

"So it is quite true—all this I hear of you?" he said, still with that irritating liquidness of intonation which contrasted so strangely with his precise demeanour. "You are not content because you are found out. That is not well done of you—English gentleman."

Ferris took out his cigarette case and held it towards him with an ease he was remarkably far from feeling. "What," he cried pleasantly, "have you been hearing bad things of us and our methods?" His simulated banter was exquisite.

The Indian looked contemptuously at the proffered case. "No, I do not smoke the tobacco of such as you, Mr. Ferris Latham," he said. "I am not here on a pleasure visit; I come to ask you, what you have done with the money of the orphan, entrusted to you by the dead."

"My name is Ferris," said Robert impatiently. "Pray do not confound me with my cousin and partner, Mr. Stephen Latham. He has left his private chambers, and I am waiting his return. Do you allude to my position as trustee of your ward,

TILL THE DEAD SPEAK—Our Thrilling New Serial, Continued.

Miss Maxwell? If you wish to discuss business, I must ask you to come to my office in Bedford-row in business hours.

He felt intensely and virtuously indignant that, by some extraordinary coincidence, this man should have tracked him here. Already he saw himself in his new rôle—the victim, the innocent, to-be-pitied victim of a dissolute partner. His attitude nevertheless did not impress the Indian; he still smiled with that irritating calmness, and shook his head.

"And when these business hours come," said Ferris Latham, "I shall be down here. There will be nothing for Husham Bismar to save for the daughter of Rajah Maxwell, the daughter entrusted to his humble keeping that he might lead her in the direction of all knowledge when the day came."

"You forget that you are talking to a man of honour," said Ferris contemptuously. "I have no desire to quarrel with you, Mr. Latham, but you doubtless know that in this country it is not safe to make unfounded accusations; there is a law, called the law of libel, which effectually protects the innocent."

The Indian laughed. "Oh, yes," he said, "I know all about that law for the protection of the innocent; but I am innocent, Mr. Ferris Latham. If you have not already tampered with the money of Miss Maxwell, you mean to do so. You have designs upon it, upon her. Oh, yes, this pretty young English girl, with her hundred thousand pounds, would be a charming wife, eh, Mr. Ferris Latham?"

"You have evidently come to England fully determined to pick a quarrel," retorted Ferris, with laboured good humour. "I am sorry for that. I do not know where you have picked up your ridiculous ideas; but, I assure you, you will find them quite false—quite."

The Indian picked up his hands, with an apologetic gesture. "My dear sir, if that is so, no one shall be more glad than I. But it is false also about the deserted lady—the poor one, she who calls herself after the deserted queen of your Scriptures, Vashiti? Is that false also, Mr. Ferris Latham?"

Ferris stared at him for a moment, in petrified surprise. How did this man know these things? Who had been his informant?

The Indian met his glance steadily. "You have nothing to answer to that, Mr. Ferris Latham," he said. "Oh, the English gentleman of honour is not always as white as he is painted."

"You insolent scoundrel," Ferris's self-control snapped. "You come over here to browbeat an Englishman! You will find what is thought in England of fools who trust the safety of their women to coloured scoundrels. You have no power over Miss Maxwell."

The Indian's face grew livid. "Pig of an English thief!" he snarled. His hand fumbled at his breast; he stepped nearer Ferris. "To-morrow you will eat those words in the dust, to-morrow, betrayer of women and devourer of the substance of orphans."

His face, grey with passion, lit by narrow, blazing eyes, was pushed close to Ferris, his breath, reeking of some strong foreign drug, fanned his cheek. Blind with fury, Ferris struck him a blow in the face with his open hand. "Take that, and get out of this place as quick as you like!" he cried with a curse.

The Indian uttered a low, sibilant cry of anger, a word in some tongue Ferris did not understand, and with a catlike spring flung himself upon him. Ferris, despite his heavy build, recoiled before the spring. His eyes caught the glint of a knife; he obeyed his primitive instinct to catch at the Indian's sinewy wrists.

As they swung backward and forward it was like a battle between the oak and the tough, rubber-like fibres of tree-ivy. Ferris pushed the man he held towards the wall; as he held the Indian's wrists in a grip of iron, he wrenched the slim arms in their sockets with a savage brutality. His blood surged in his brain and danced red before his eyes; the fall of the power over this writhing creature filled him with the lust of cruelty. Suddenly Bismar bent his head, his teeth met in the Englishman's wrist. The pain was so intolerable that Ferris relaxed his grasp momentarily, and with a cry of triumph the Indian wrenched himself away. The impatient release left him staggering to the ground, but in an instant he was on his feet again, his face the face of a devil. The gaslight glittered hungrily on the blade of his upraised knife, then with another catlike spring he lurched himself on Ferris.

The knife never descended. The sound of a shot rang out sharply in the intense stillness of the empty flat.

CHAPTER III.

A Bundle of Myrrh.

The revolver lay in the corner where he had flung it; from where he sat he could see it quite distinctly, a small, insignificant thing to have achieved so much. The light caught its silver mountings, and twinkled like evil, mocking eyes. He could see the other thing, too, just where it had fallen; the face was, mercifully, in the shadow the table cast; it was probably revolting, such close arm robbery death of its power of beautifying. The stiff limbs, with their decorous, painfully-correct covering, as they lay in full view, had a hint of grotesqueness. They reminded Ferris of a ridiculous, mechanical man, when he was selling in the Strand as he passed that afternoon—the travesty of a frock-coated Frenchman, jumping in

a stick. Yes, that was exactly what they were like; he could imagine those stiff limbs making just such abrupt, spasmodic movements. Vashiti. The perpetrator, dead, and out on his face. They did move. Gracious heaven! the man was not dead then.

Ferris strained forward stealthily, his eyes fixed on the straight legs so mathematically correct in their compass-like attitude, the black arms widely flung. Surely a quiver, like the involuntary contraction of vitiated nerves, passed over the man. He stood up and with trembling limbs crossed the room.

The body lay quite still; the mangled face gave the lie to his fear. He bent down and put his hand to the heart. Dead, quite dead. Ferris drew a sigh of relief.

The leasured clanking of Big Ben roused him to a sense of danger. He looked at his watch—a quarter to nine; in fifteen minutes Latham would be steaming out of Claring Cross. How providential that the boy had left so early. "All things work together—" how did the pious text run that his mother was so fond of quoting? Bah! the great thing was to be born lucky.

He picked up the revolver gingerly, and laid it by the dead man's side. It occurred to him that he should have felt cold horror and sick fear of the thing he had done—Cain went out from God's presence branded. Instead, his nimble brain reserved his best method of averting suspicion from eyes. He looked at his watch. Such a deed which would have an ugly significance, though done in self-defence. To kill a man was not a pretty or a pleasant job; he realised that, but his first horror was gone, and the thought now was how to save himself.

As his eyes searched the flat for any tell-tale traces of his presence the idea he sought came to him. He would go straight from this place of crime to the house of Woburn-square. Such an alibi would be his best defence; what man with guilty, blood-stained hands would carry them first of all into the presence of the woman he loved?

But he did not dare to extinguish the light, so all through the long night the flickering gaslight played strange pranks with the shadows and the dead.

The drawing-room of the house in Woburn-square, where Hilda Maxwell boarded with the senior curate of St. Etheldreda's and his wife, was old-fashioned and shabby perhaps, but undeniably comfortable and home-like.

The clergyman sat at the piano spreading his single fingers tenderly over the ivory keys.

"I promised the vicar to take a class to-night," he groaned. "Good gracious! Those poor stolid youths have been waiting for nearly half an hour. Well, there'll be wigs on the green for me to-morrow, Hilda." He snapped to the face of his watch with a laugh, and ran out of the room.

Hilda sat down at the piano, with a smile of tenderness. She was thinking how sweet the love that beat in her glad heart was, the love of the sorry wretch who was hastening towards her, lies on his lips and guilt in his heart.

It seemed to her that she had known her was coming when he entered the room unannounced, for she felt to him with a glad cry of welcome, as one would clasp a lagard lover.

"It is so late, and the day has been so long, Robert."

The man took her hands in his, and with a swift glance towards the door, bent and kissed her on the lips.

"You expected me?" Ferris's tone was a little startled.

She gave her shoulders a delightful shrug. "Why, yes, I always expect you. It seems to me that I can think of no other else, Robert. And to-night I wanted you so much, oh, so awfully much, that I felt you couldn't stay away—you must come."

Ferris's heart contracted with a spasm of pain. The indignant thought crossed him that Fate was making things cruelly hard for him. He wheeled round and laid his hands on the girl's shoulders almost roughly, as she sat by his side. "I'm sorry, half sorry, that you're so happy, sweetheart, to-night, because—"

She started up, her face white, her eyes dilated. "Is anything wrong?"

"Yes, let us sit down, and I'll tell you all about it," he said, laying his hand on her arm. "You are sitting beside him. Your guardian, Husham Bismar, has taken it into his head that the firm is not treating you fairly, and he is coming to England to look after you himself. I expect he lands to-morrow." He smiled grimly at his own dark thought, rather than at her startled exclamation.

"I don't like saying anything about your father, Hilda, but he must have been mad when—" "Oh, you know what I think about it," she interrupted impatiently, her pretty face flushed, her eyes bright. "But, Robert, how utterly preposterous, how impertinent. He hasn't the right to control me in any way, has he?"

"I am afraid he has, till you are of age," he admitted. "Of course, so far as the firm is concerned, I do not care a pin, but if he tried to take you away—" He drew her nearer to him.

"Take me away?" The grip of her little hands on his tightened. "Dearest, he dare not do that!" she said, firmly.

"He might tell you to choose between me and—"

"Poverty!" She laughed, the whole-hearted and contemptuous laugh of a woman who has gone softly all her days. "Sometimes, Robert, for your sake, I feel I would gladly be poor, so that you and I together might get a glimpse into the great wide world to run a tilt with fortune."

He laughed, a little uneasily. "You would have

me stripped of my poor trappings," he said, "and shown in all my paltiness. Oh, cruel little girl!"

"Then, well then," she twisted a button on his coat with nervous fingers. "Can't we just tell our secret, and be rid of all this hateful deception, before this abominable Bismar man comes? It's so detestable to deceive the Faithfuls, to act a lie to the dear old Padre. Can't we just tell the world the truth, and take the risk?"

"Her voice rose in a passionate appeal; the glance of her clear eyes cut him with a sting of shame. "Can you not trust me a little longer?"

Her hands dropped to her lap.

"Oh, yes. Love is trust, isn't it? But—it's so lonely." She stood up and crossed abruptly to the window. "I am sorry, Robert, but if this detestable Indian interferes, wants to take me away—"

"I shall have to speak then. I must."

He followed her. "If he wishes to take you away, darling, I shall speak. A man doesn't allow a woman to bear the brunt of such things. But in the meantime—you trust me?"

She turned an April face towards him in glad assent.

CHAPTER IV.

The Cup and the Lip.

They were crying it still in the streets, not in Suffolk-street, Pall Mall—it was too respectable—but in the lesser streets, where the appetite for the horrible is keen and unshamed; light carts, flashing through the thoroughfares, bore it in starting type on posters of varying hue: "Murder in the Strand. Flight of the Murderer." Robert Ferris had seen and heard the words a hundred times in the course of the afternoon.

As he put his latchkey in the door, he staggered like a drunken man; another hour of the strain to which that day had subjected him, and he must have collapsed; now, thank God, he would be alone.

He turned on the electric light in the little hall, and flung off his coat and hat with a sigh of relief, checked in its birth by the sight of his face in the glass, haggard, with heavily-rimmed, bloodshot eyes. "Heaven!" he muttered to himself, "a face to hang a man!" He pulled up his collar and straightened his tie with shaking fingers, fingers which stiffened suddenly with the paralysis of fear, for, in the glass over his shoulder, he saw that the door of his sitting-room had opened, and that a woman stood in the doorway.

"Robert! At last—I thought you were never coming."

The blood rushed back to Ferris's heart. He wheeled round.

"Good heavens, Myra! You, at such an hour!"

"I simply had to come," she said impulsively, and held out both her hands. "My poor Robert."

He pressed her hands lightly. "It's awfully good of you, but how foolish. Did anyone see you?"

"Not a soul. I was dining in Piccadilly, and I sent away the carriage at the Circus."

She led the way back into the sitting-room where a small fire burned brightly. The shaded lamp filled the room with a warm glow, in which the woman's uncovered hair gleamed, flaming bronze.

"Benson has left everything ready, treasure that he is. Now you must eat something. Oh, but you must indeed; and I'll sit opposite you and make believe that we are still—still friends."

He made a gesture of weariness. "My dear Myra, am I never to be done with protestations?"

"You might be merciful to me to-night."

He flung himself into a chair by the fire, but she stood up, one arm resting on the mantelpiece, a superb and radiant figure, in her glittering, beautiful, amber-coloured gown. She was very beautiful, with the heaviest of rules, eyes, and courts misfortune. The perfect oval of her face was that of wonderful colour which Nature makes to hair in which even a touch of flame burns, smooth as satin. But it was the eyes that attracted you—long, wide-open eyes, clearly set and far apart, the colour of brown wine with the sunlight shining in it.

He looked up at her, his chin sunk in his collar; his eyes, glazed with fatigue, took little notice of her beauty. "It's awful, isn't it? By heaven, it's an inhuman thing to say, Myra, but I wish you'd stayed at home. I'm sick and dazed with the horror and strain of it."

"I don't know," she said, her voice was low and soft, a caress of sound. "I was upset. I cried so that I wasn't fit to be seen, but I couldn't stay at home."

She moved over slowly as she spoke to the table, where a little supper was spread, fowl and fruit, a bottle of red wine—and poured out two glasses.

"Drink this, it'll put new life into you," she said, holding the glass aloft and smiling. As she raised her own to her lips, the firelight caught the gleam of the Burgundy and cast a bar of blood-coloured shadow across her face. Ferris saw it and shuddered. "Put it down," he muttered, "it makes you look horrible, that red reflection."

She smiled at him, not mockingly but tenderly. "Put it down, Myra, it's not pleasant to drink."

"You can imagine what I feel," he said gloomily. "No, I tried to, but it was impossible. I felt I must come to look at you . . . as actors study criminals in court." The words seemed forced from her in spite of herself.

"You're a cold-blooded girl, Myra. What do you mean?" His voice was thin and husky with fatigue.

She stared at him steadily across the rim of her

glass. Her long eyes, narrowed, shone almost golden like the eyes of a cat. "I mean," she said slowly, and set the glass down, "that I wanted to see how a murderer looked."

"Good Heavens! Are you mad?"

Ferris started up, his hands grasping at the arm of the chair; his strained, haggard face, had he but known it, shrieked his secret aloud. She flung herself down impatiently by his side.

"Why do you trouble to lie to me, dear? To the woman who bared her soul to you, unashamed, long months ago? I know that Stephen is innocent. Oh, fool, fool! Why did you stoop to murder?"

He stared stupidly into the beautiful face so close to his own. "It was in self-defence," he cried thickly, "in self-defence! You believe that, Myra?"

"He attacked you," she asked in a strange voice, "and you shot him at close range."

"Yes. The brute came at me with a knife," he began then gripped her white shoulders with fierce hands that bit into the soft, warm flesh of his face with his hands. "And this to be the end of it all, of fighting and struggling, of subterfuge and lying—to be hanged by the neck."

"No, no," she cried out in agony; "not that. Oh, Robert, why should it be? No one knows. Your secret is safe with me, safe as the grave. I only guessed. I seemed to see what had happened. I knew so much of all your troubles."

"You only guessed? You came to me to-night with protestations of sympathy—to bluff me?"

"Her arms dropped from their impotent embrace. You wrong me cruelly, Robert. Had I ever failed you, been lacking in love or sympathy? Yet you were casting me aside for that girl, that bread-and-butter girl, with her pale, cold face. Because she had money—money—you preferred her to me. I would have given my heart's blood for you."

She shook her head miserably.

He got up and began to pace the room with long, agitated strides. "And after this, you expect me to trust you. To-morrow, in a fit of pique, for the price of a ring or a new gown, you'd sell me. I feel the rope round my neck now."

"The woman laid timid, tentative fingers on his arm. "You'll forgive me, won't you? It was because I loved you, because I wanted you all for myself, just for me alone, that I did it. And to-night I came to—to—" Her voice faltered; the words she sought eluded her, then came with a tremulous rush. "Robert, I'm rich. I've saved; I've what he—left me, and my jewels; they are all yours, every one of them, everything that I have, dear."

He turned and caught her hands in his. "Myra, forgive me for a brute. You're one of the best of good sorts, for all that you're a jealous fool. But this is just one of the things a man can't do. I couldn't take your money. No, my dear, dear Myra, the game's up, but I couldn't take your money."

"If you love me why do you refuse?" she cried eagerly. "Sit down and let me show you how easy it all is. I was planning it all out as I drove here. Eckerstein would sell my jewels for me at a profit; then there is the house and the furniture, my securities—my dear boy, we'd be millionaires in wealth and happiness."

He slipped his hand from her shoulder. "A month ago, perhaps, but now, it's not that I lack the heart, dear one, but—my honour is involved."

"Your honour?"

"It sounds comic, doesn't it; but it's true." "What do you mean?" she cried, with a new, sharp note in her voice. "You've engaged yourself to this girl? If I thought that," she half started up; "if I thought it, I'd—I'd kill you, Robert. Robert, you love her. You've been lying to me. Oh, I felt there was insincerity in your words, in your very touch."

"So much for a woman's intuition. The girl is nothing to me, I swear it, Myra, nothing. Can't you understand why—I fluttered round her—because I hoped to screen myself behind her if the truth came out before I was ready. How can I prove that I have not changed?"

His face was very close to hers, his arms encircled her. For a moment the touch of his clasp dispelled the doubts which hovered round her. Her head sank on his shoulder.

Suddenly she started violently, and drew away from him.

"Ah," she cried, a little harshly. "We forget our visitor. Who is the lady, dear Robert?"

Ferris wheeled round. In the doorway stood Hilda Maxwell. She moved towards him quickly and laid her hand on his arm.

"You have not answered her question, Robert," she said in a clear voice. "Please tell her that—that I am your wife!"

Another long and thrilling instalment of this enthralling story will appear in our issue of Monday.

FELS-NAPTHA

We asked a working-woman the other day: "How much would you take to stop using Fels-Naptha and go back to your old soap?"

"Oh, I wouldn't do it!"

"You would if you were paid for it, wouldn't you?"

"No, I don't think I would."

"Would you do it for 6d a week?"

"No indeed."

"For 1/-?"

"No, I wouldn't."

"Would you for 5/- a week?"

"I might do it for 5/-."

Your grocer returns your money if you don't find it saves you a sixpence in coals and a shilling in backache.

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LITTLE FAULTS THAT LESSEN LOVE.

THE PATH OF COURTSHIP.

UNPUNCTUAL GIRLS WHO VEX THEIR SWEETHEARTS.

When first a man and a maid become engaged to one another the path of love looks very smooth before them. Life stretches ahead one long vista of radiance unclouded by any shadows, and an expectation of years of cloudless days cheer the happy pair upon their way.

But it is the unexpected that happens, and hence it comes to pass that all too soon grievances that quickly crystallise obscure the brilliance of the prospect. The majority of such grievances have their origin in little faults and habits that might easily be checked for ever and for aye, but that are allowed to accumulate until they become a positive detriment to the course of true love's smooth running.

One of these is the foolish trick many girls positively cherish of keeping their lovers waiting when

characteristic. So the grievance becomes a crystallised one, and remains a perpetual blister, resulting in numbers of cases in bickerings and quarrels that certainly do not jewel love's diadem.

I know an absolutely true case of a marriage being stopped at the very altar because the bride tarried and the bridegroom lost his patience. He had been cooling his heels in the church for quite half an hour in view of the wondering congregation before the lady turned up, and momentarily became angrier and angrier. When at last she did join him, and the pair stood before the clergyman, who was to make them one, he whispered in her ear: "I'll teach you to keep me waiting soon."

The girl said nothing, for the service had actually begun, but she saw the wrath of her husband to be, and realised that he would not be the man to make her happy if he could speak thus angrily to her at the moment of their marriage. So she waited for the clergyman to say: "Wilt thou take this man for thy wedded husband?" and answered firmly: "I will not." So the marriage service was stopped, and the pair never became one. I narrate this episode to show how terribly some men are upset by unpunctuality, whether it is a willful or not willful act on the part of their sweethearts.



This charming autumn frock should be carried out in the newly modish, amethyst-coloured cloth, with a velvet waistcoat of a deeper tint, and broad band round the edge of the skirt to match. The narrow braid upon the bodice is black, flecked with bronze, and the lace-edged collar and cuffs are of simple white lawn.

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they have arranged to meet them at a specified rendezvous at a given time. I have actually known girls openly glory in this lapse of politeness, to call it by no worse name. They say it teaches the men patience and makes them understand that they are not the only persons of importance in the world. That men do not value a woman who rushes into their arms is another excuse for arriving a quarter to half an hour late at the trysting tree. Then again, some girls are of opinion that the lover's eagerness to see his lady, increasing as time goes on, makes his heart so palpitate with expectation, that when at last she does arrive, his ardour for her is at fever heat.

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THE CITY.

Consols Down Again—Fears of Russian
Complications—Ralls Low All
Round—Rally in Kaffirs.

CAPE COURT, Friday Evening.—Stock markets opened very depressed to-day, owing to the contraband decisions of Russia and fears of complications with Great Britain over this and the Tibet question. In the circumstances the Good Bank return of yesterday was ignored, and business on the part of the public was very slack. Consols fell away below 88, and the market looked extremely unsatisfactory. But later they showed a disposition to rally, and touched 88½. Water stock was flat on fear of scrap coming to market. Selling by "bulls" of Rosario, now that the dividend is known, depressed Argentine Ralls, but these, too, showed a tendency to pick up later. Cordoba and Rosario Preference fell on profit-taking. The Mexican Railway market was rather easier, but the Cuban group improved again.

Canadian Ralls were depressed, but Grand Trunk showed some disposition to rally. The market was only looking for a scrap coming to market. Selling by "bulls" of Rosario, now that the dividend is known, depressed Argentine Ralls, but these, too, showed a tendency to pick up later. Cordoba and Rosario Preference fell on profit-taking. The Mexican Railway market was rather easier, but the Cuban group improved again.

In the Foreign market the talk of the coming Russian loan is persistent, in spite of Berlin denials. It is only a matter of a month or two, at any rate. It is said to be likely to be £40,000,000, secured on the Customs; but, of course, this is a round sum. Russian bonds rallied. Copper shares were a little better, and a feature has been the recovery in Peruvians.

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